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Zion's Herald

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1902



LIEUT.-GOVERNOR JOHN L. BATES

Of Massachusetts

Lay Fraternal Delegate to Methodist Episcopal Church, South

[See Page 617.]

Candidate in Evening Clothes

[From the New York Sun.]

OF the two principal Republican candidates for Governor of Vermont, Col. Fletcher D. Proctor swears by prohibition, and Gen. J. G. McCullough is accommodating enough to avow his willingness to sign any sort of liquor law which the Legislature may see fit to pass. The Hon. Percival W. Clement, president of the Local Option League, is resolute against prohibition and for a local option law; and he is making an interesting canvass. He travels in his private car.

Mr. Clement doesn't seek to humbug the hard-headed Green Mountaineers by an imitation of rustic costume. His meetings are held at night, and he always appears at them in what some of our esteemed contemporaries describe as "full" or "immaculate" evening clothes. He marches from his private car to the hall, the village brass band blowing its loudest before him and the eyes of man and maid staring at his "Inverness" coat and his "crush" hat. He says the farmers know that he uses his private car when he travels on business and that he wears a spiketail coat of nights. Besides, how can he pay them a better compliment than by putting on his best togs when he is to talk to them? Gen. Butler, a shrewd campaigner, used to be of the same opinion.

Mr. Clement has been president of the Rutland railroad and mayor of Rutland, and a member of both branches of the Legislature. He is a very substantial citizen, but not at all solemn. He gives the Vermonters a good show. He takes a colored quartet with him. When the brass band is out of wind, the quartet sings "It Must have been the Ghost of a Coon," "Mammy's Little Pumpkin-Colored Coon," and other echoes of ragtime. The comedian twists his face. There are singing and acting until the audience is in high good humor. Then the candidate whacks the prohibitory law, "which is responsible for fifty years of bribery, fifty years of corruption, fifty years of plunder, of blackmail and of extortion, fifty years of drunkenness and debauchery," and asks his hearers to vote for local option and high license. He tells some French-Canadian dialect stories; the quartet comes out and sings as long as anybody wants to hear it. Then it goes to the hotel and sings for an hour while the voters are talking over the speech.

The caucuses will not be held till the middle of June. For five weeks or so, the Vermonters are assured of free entertainment. They will also have the chance to hear hard sense about the prohibitory law; but it is not to be expected that they will

want to change that time-honored Vermont institution.

The Shame of His Degradation

THE sin of drunkenness has many causes and many phases; but, if a drunkard still has within him sufficient manhood to be the basis of moral reform, commonly the treatment that will do him good will be an emphatic assertion of the sin and shame of his degradation. A lawyer had fallen into open disgrace through convivial habits, and wanted to reform, but without success. At last a friend told him the plain truth. He said: "Now, James, the reason you do not reform is simply because you do not want to reform. You do not dislike the habit of drinking, and you are not ashamed of being drunk. You are afraid of exposure, and you do not like the consequences of your evil deeds. You will never reform until you see that drunkenness is in itself shameful and degrading, no matter whether other people know it or not. So long as you are merely trying to get away from the consequences of your indulgence, you will be tempted to drink every time you think you can do it without paying the penalty." Although the man was stunned by the frankness of his friend, he felt the force of the assault upon his conscience, and had left in him enough manhood to admit the charge and apply the remedy. He said: "Nobody ever talked to me in that way before. People have always talked about the consequences, and not the thing itself." After stumbling two or three times, the lawyer got on his feet, and died a sober man, respected by a large community. — *Christian Register*.

"A Religion of Silences"

IT is not the business of the Gospel to clear up every mystery, but to throw light upon a certain narrow, straight path of faith and duty which leads man, now lost as he is in the mire of sin and amid the mazes of doubt, back to his Father's house. Christianity has been called "a religion of silences." Its reticences may at times be hard to bear, but they result partly from the vastness of the unseen life and partly from the present limitations of our finite faculties. Then, too, there remains an inevitable residue of mystery which belongs to the royal investiture of an infinite God. Humanity has always found difficulty in reconciling itself to these silences and reservations. In every age it has demanded a complete philosophic catalogue of the whole universe. Men are perpetually clamoring for the clearing up of every mystery. But God will never tell man everything there is to be known; and no man comes at last into the presence of the Almighty in the role of a proud philosopher, but as a humble believer, saved by grace. — *New York Observer*.

Railway Promotion of Temperance

[From American Medicine.]

A METHOD too frequently neglected, whereby temperance may be encouraged, is the regulation of the habits of employees in reference to liquor-drinking. If the drink-habit is bad it must have bad effects, and these must serve to make the workmen less capable and trustworthy. A suggestion of the method may be gathered from the fact that the French governor-director of railroads has written to the different societies opposing the use of alcohol that all the government roads have agreed to the following: First, to discharge all employees who persist in using spirits and wine while on duty; second, all per-

sons who continue to drink shall be dropped from the pension rolls of the company, and will not participate in the endowment funds in case of an accident. All restaurants on the roads are forbidden to sell spirits to the workmen. In our own country we find that rule 207 of the Union Pacific, prohibiting employees from patronizing saloons, has, it is said, ruined twenty-five saloon-keepers, who will close their doors on the first of the month, when their licenses expire. The rule has been in force for four months, and special agents have reported many violations. Offenders have been dropped in every instance without regard to previous standing. Only the better class of saloons have survived the effects of the order. Two of these are going to move. Three gambling-houses have closed.

Keep the Balance Up

It has been truthfully said that any disturbance of the even balance of health causes serious trouble. Nobody can be too careful to keep this balance up. When people begin to lose appetite, or to get tired easily, the least imprudence brings on sickness, weakness, or debility. The system needs a tonic, craves it, and should not be denied it; and the best tonic of which we have any knowledge is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What this medicine has done in keeping healthy people healthy, in keeping up the even balance of health, gives it the same distinction as a preventive that it enjoys as a cure. Its early use has illustrated the wisdom of the old saying that a stitch in time saves nine. Take Hood's for appetite, strength and endurance.

THE BEN MERE INN

Amidst all the diversified attractiveness of New England scenery, there is no locality more peculiarly fascinating than Lake Sunapee.

Sunapee is a true highland lake, thirteen hundred feet above the sea, situated on the mountain ridge separating the watersheds of the Connecticut and the Merrimac. Singular in its charms and environment, this lake has long been recognized as one of the fairest and most alluring spots in New England.

The water pleasures are unsurpassed — boating, sailing regattas, bathing, and in the season most excellent fishing.

But the walks and drives add many fold to Sunapee. Over the hills in every direction, over picturesque and scenery-giving highways, are excursion points most attractive; New London, Andover, Springfield, Bradford, Newport, Claremont, Windsor, and many others equally pleasant. Nature has been generous with Sunapee, bestowing not only beauty of situation and surroundings, but the purest of air and water, forests of pine and hemlock, and an altitude deadly to hay fever. Prominent among the dwellers at Sunapee is John Hay, Secretary of State, whose commanding residence, "The Fells," is seen in sailing up the Lake from the station.

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All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.

Church and State in the Philippines

ONE of the big problems to be solved before the Philippines can be administered in harmony with American ideals of government is the complete separation of Church and State. So far as the administration under Governor Taft is concerned, there is no civil and ecclesiastical union; but under the Spanish *régime* there was no distinction, and in many localities the priest was the only representative of the government. This system was so interwoven with the social and civil fabric of Filipino life that the natives seem to be incapable of understanding any different arrangement. So far as religious and political ideals are concerned, the change must be wrought out by the common schools and Protestant missionaries. In the matter of land ownership, which now seems to be paramount, the question must be settled by civil authority. Complications have arisen which cannot be adjusted satisfactorily until the entire subject has been more thoroughly examined. The title to some lands occupied by the church still rests in Spain, while buildings owned by the church have been used as barracks for the troops, and will have to be paid for. Another phase of the question relates to the return of the friars to the islands. As a means of reaching a solid basis of settlement with the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church, Governor Taft will visit Rome on his return to the islands, and confer with the Pope and the officials of the Vatican.

Not a Diplomatic Mission

AN authorized denial is made that the mission of Governor Taft to Rome is in any sense diplomatic. It is purely a matter of business. Governor Taft alone is vested with any authority to conduct negotiations. He will be assisted by two officers of the army, who will act as secretaries and interpreters and advise with him in regard to the legal complications that may arise in connection with the purchase of the friar lands. The officers named for this duty are Col. E. H. Crowder and Major Porter, both of the office of the judge-advocate general of the army.

Colonel Crowder was judge-advocate for some time of the division of the Philippines, and is thoroughly familiar with the situation there. It has been thought advisable to have a prelate of the American Catholic Church present at the same time, and Bishop O'Gorman of South Dakota will go to Rome with Governor Taft and party, but in an advisory capacity only, and with no authority from the United States.

Monomoy Relief Fund

IT is gratifying to note, in the final report of the committee appointed to raise a relief fund for the families of the heroic and ill-fated Monomoy life-saving crew, that the total amount contributed was \$45,873.40, and that the expenses of the committee were only \$37. This is a fine showing. It speaks well for the generosity of the people of Boston and neighboring cities and towns, and for the careful attention given to the details by the committee. The money began to pour in from all directions as soon as the appeal was made and a custodian designated. Within three days \$25,000 had been subscribed. In closing up the matter the committee used \$9,587 for immediate necessities, and transferred the balance of \$36,286.40 to the Massachusetts Humane Society to be administered in behalf of the beneficiaries. This society is now handling the fund raised in 1893 for the relief of the families of the life-savers who perished in the Cuttyhunk disaster.

Jewish Sabbath Question

AN interesting discussion took place during the American Conference of Rabbis in New Orleans last week over a proposition to transfer the Jewish Sabbath to the Christian Sunday. Those who opposed the plan declared that such a move would admit the truth of the Resurrection, and be a heavy blow to the historic faith of Israel. Supporters of the change held that there was no Jewish Sabbath as matters now stood. Its non-observance, they said, made it a mockery of the term. This discussion, in which many participated, did not settle the matter, but it did indicate the growing influence of the American-born and Americanized Jews. Unconsciously to themselves they are gradually coming under the influence of ideals that in time will set them free from allegiance to the old Jewish orthodoxy. The modern educated American Jew has absorbed so much of the broad catholicity of his environment that he has little in common with the rigidly orthodox Jews who are largely unassimilable foreigners of mature age. While the latter adhere to their ancient ritual with unrelaxing tenacity, the former show an increasing tendency to fall in with prevailing Ameri-

can usages, even to the extent of substituting Sunday for Saturday as a day of worship.

American Envoys in Havana

THE President has selected Herbert G. Squiers as the first Minister to Cuba, and General Edward S. Bragg as Consul General to Havana. Mr. Squiers served in the army for a number of years, and then entered the diplomatic service. He has been connected with the legations at London, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, and is now first secretary of the legation at Peking. During the Boxer outbreak his military knowledge and sound judgment proved of great value. General Bragg, whose home is in Fond du Lac, is one of the foremost citizens of Wisconsin. He has served in numerous positions of importance, among them that of congressman for several terms, minister to Mexico, and member of the Wisconsin Supreme Court. General Bragg has also had a distinguished career as a soldier as well as a statesman. He is seventy-two years of age.

Bret Harte

IT is said of Bret Harte, the American humorist and writer of short stories, who died suddenly in London on May 5, that he "took part in more failures than any other successful man of his time." He was born in Albany, August 25, 1839. From his parents he inherited English, German and Hebrew blood. His father died before he had given the boy more than a common school education, and in 1854 his mother took him to California. Young Harte engaged in a variety of occupations, in all of which he was either a failure or indifferently successful. He tried his skill as a school-teacher, miner, express messenger, compositor, and reporter. While setting type on the *Golden Era* in 1857, he wrote some sketches which attracted the notice of the editor and led to his assignment to the literary department. This afforded him an opportunity to develop his talent, and he soon became noted in California. In 1868 he became editor of the *Overland Monthly*, and while holding that position he wrote the poem, "Heathen Chinée," and "The Luck of Roaring Camp," which gave him national fame. The latter was written hurriedly and printed under protest of the publisher. It made little impression in California, but in the East it aroused the reading public and was soon being read on both continents. The "Heathen Chinée" was written during an idle hour, and laid aside. One day it was given out to keep the typesetters going for lack of something better. It was published and, as everybody knows, became a household word.

wherever the English language is read. Then came "Poker Flats," "Miggles," "Tennessee's Partner," "Flynn of Virginia," and many other short productions of the same stamp. He came to Boston in 1871 to write for the *Atlantic Monthly*, but soon moved to New York. While in the latter city an attempt was made to found a literary magazine in Chicago under his direction, but it failed, and he devoted himself to writing for the *Atlantic*. In 1878 he was made consul at Crefeld, Germany, and in 1880 at Glasgow. In 1885 he resigned the latter office and took up his residence in London, where he has since been doing successful literary work. As a novelist Harte was a failure. He was at his best in a short story, and pre-eminently so when he confined himself to the delineation of life and character as it was (and is) on the Pacific coast.

W. T. Stead and Cecil Rhodes

IT now appears that the people of the United States are indebted to W. T. Stead for the extension of the Oxford scholarships in the will of Cecil Rhodes to the young men of this country. For many years the two men were very intimate. Rhodes unfolded his ideas of the unification of the Anglo-Saxons to Stead, and between 1877 and 1899 made six different wills, each one of which left his property to be administered for the purpose of carrying out his idea of Anglo-American dominance of the world. He never seemed to feel quite satisfied with his plan of administration; hence the changes in the wills. When he explained the scholarship codicil to Mr. Stead, the latter immediately asked him to extend it so as to grant a similar number of scholarships to the American States. This was done in the last will, which was drawn up in 1899. For a number of years a will was in existence which made Mr. Stead the administrator of the entire estate, but in the final document the property was left to a board of executors for administration. This board met in London last week and made preliminary arrangements to carry out the behests of the will. It will be some time, however, before American students will be given an opportunity to attend Oxford on the Rhodes scholarships, as there are many matters of detail to be adjusted before the announcement for the first competition can be made.

Irish Industrial Co-operative League

AN agent of the Irish Industrial Co-operative League, Rev. J. O'Donovan, of Loughrea, Ireland, is touring the larger cities of the United States for the purpose of arousing an interest in the industrial, artistic and literary revival in progress in Ireland. The League was founded in 1894. Its purpose is to so develop the national spirit and improve conditions of life in Ireland that the people will not want to emigrate. The League began its industrial work by founding creameries. A start was made with one eight years ago. Now there are 302 thoroughly equipped co-operative creameries in Ireland, and last year the total output sold for \$10,000,000. Model farms have been established where the farmers are taught the best methods of agriculture. Agricultural banks are maintained

and money loaned to the members at 4 per cent. There are eighty Irish lace-making societies under the care of the League, where young girls learn the art of making the lace which is now so much in demand everywhere. In one society alone in the north of Ireland four hundred young women are at work in the lace business, and not one girl has emigrated from that section for two years. Formerly the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian churches of Ireland used to get all their stained glass and fresco work from foreigners. Now, as a result of the League movement, all the church glass and art work is done by Irish artists in Ireland. A summing up of the achievements of the League shows that 63,000 farmers of the 400,000 in Ireland are already enlisted in the industrial movement. The Gaelic League, previously described in these columns, which leads in developing national language and literature, is aiding powerfully in arousing the spirit of Irish patriotism which is finding fitting expression in the development of Ireland's industrial possibilities as described in the foregoing. The two movements are complementary, and give promise of better times for the Irish people.

Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson

THE death of Rear Admiral W. T. Sampson, which occurred at Washington on May 6, marks the passing of one of the most distinguished officers of the United States Navy. For forty years he was in the service of his country. His career was varied, but steadily progressive from the time he received a lieutenant's commission in 1862 until his retirement with the rank of rear admiral in 1902. During this long and honorable term he fought in the Civil War, served on the European and Chinese stations, and devoted four years to the important duties of superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. In 1893 he was made chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. While in this service he ranked as an expert on ordnance and torpedoes, and with Lieutenant Strauss he devised and perfected the superimposed turret system. He was president of the board of inquiry which investigated the terrible disaster to the "Maine" in Havana harbor, Feb. 15, 1898, and shortly after the declaration of war with Spain was made commander of the North Atlantic squadron, in which capacity he served throughout the conflict. In September, 1898, he was appointed one of the three commissioners to carry into effect the Spanish evacuation of Cuba under the terms of the treaty of Paris. October 14, 1899, he was appointed commandant of the Boston Navy Yard, and held that post until September, 1901, when he was relieved at his own request. Since the close of the war with Spain he has been the victim of a deplorable controversy over the question of who was in actual command when the American ships destroyed the Spanish fleet that attempted to escape from the harbor at Santiago. He had a foremost part in the building of the new navy which made possible the victory over Spain. A summary shows that he shared in designing and building the guns, projectiles, and armor, placing the batteries on the ships, and in constructing the ships them-

selves. He wrote the drill-book, and shared in drilling the crews and the officers. Finally he commanded a fleet composed of the ships he had helped build and officered by men he had trained. These results were achieved quietly, and are not generally recognized by the public because they lack the heroic element which gives wide publicity and stirs the minds and hearts of the people. However, their value is fully understood and appreciated by naval officers and their friends. Both as a man and as an officer Admiral Sampson was held in warm esteem by his associates, and his name will have a high and enduring place in the pages of American history.

King of Spain

ON May 17, Alfonso XIII. will take oath as the constitutional monarch of Spain. He is an interesting youth just entering his seventeenth year. The unique circumstances of his advent, after the death of his father, have endeared him to his subjects as a romantic figure appealing strongly to the imagination. He is tall and slender, but reasonably rugged. Under the watchful supervision of his mother, the Queen Regent, he has been carefully fitted for the grave responsibilities of sovereignty, as far as he is able to grasp them. His prerogatives are greatly limited, however, by the constitution. It is little wonder that he exclaimed: "What is left for me in all this parliamentary business?" when the mysterious mechanism of the government was being explained to him by a tutor. Some sovereigns would make the constitution serve their own ends, but alas! for this poor little king, we fear he will have a sorry time trying to wear the harness which has been made for him by the astute politicians of Spain. However, he will still have the help of his mother, and that of the Pope, who has watched over him and his destiny with fatherly tenderness and solicitude ever since the moment of his birth.

Tragedy of the Ford Brothers

READERS of "The Hon. Peter Stirling" and "Janice Meredith" feel that they have lost a personal friend in the tragic death of the author, Paul Leicester Ford, who was shot by his brother, Malcolm Ford, in Paul's library in New York city, on May 8. Immediately after shooting his brother, Malcolm turned the smoking weapon and sent a bullet through his own heart, falling dead instantly. Paul did not die at once. He lingered a short time, fully conscious and quite calm. Everything was done to save him, but it was impossible, as several arteries had been cut through close to the heart and the bleeding could not be stopped. He realized that he had to die, and faced the grim fact with remarkable bravery. A double funeral was held on May 10 in the library where the tragedy occurred. Both caskets were covered with flowers and were interred in the same cemetery, but not side by side. The seeds of this heart-rending crime were sown years ago when the father, Gordon L. Ford, once publisher of the New York *Tribune* and a millionaire, disinherited Malcolm because of his fondness for athletics. Malcolm claimed that his brothers and sisters had agreed

to share with him and that they would have done so had it not been for Paul's adverse influence. Relatives and friends say in his defence that he was not in his right mind when he called upon his brother because of long brooding over his fancied wrongs and present financial distress, that he committed the crime in a moment of dementia and passion, and that the deed was not premeditated. Paul will be remembered as a successful novelist, and Malcolm as a champion amateur athlete.

Volcanic Eruptions in the West Indies

ONE of the most appalling calamities of human history occurred on the island of Martinique, in the French West Indies, last week. The commercial city of St. Pierre and neighboring towns in the northern part of the island were destroyed by the unexpected eruption of Mt. Pelee, and it is estimated that at least 30,000 persons have perished. In 1851 this volcano was in a state of eruption, but did not cause much damage. Since that time it has been extinct. There was so little indication of the fires slumbering within that a good-sized lake had formed in the crater. On May 3, however, it began to throw out dense clouds of smoke, and at midnight flames burst forth lighting the sky for many miles around. Hot ashes continued falling, and on May 4 they were an inch thick in St. Pierre. A few of the inhabitants fled to other parts of the island, but the mass of the population remained. At noon, May 5, lava began to flow down the side of the volcano, and ashes and mud showered upon the city with increasing violence. On May 7 the climax was reached when a terrific explosion occurred which hurled great masses of rocks and ashes over the city. Thousands of persons were smitten and died in the streets, and buildings took fire and rapidly burned. Eighteen vessels were in the harbor, four of them being American. All were destroyed save the "Roddam" (British), which by superhuman efforts was backed away from its moorings and nine hours later reached Castries. Ten of the "Roddam's" men were lying dead, contorted and burned out of human resemblance among black cinders which covered the ship's deck to a depth of six inches. As soon as the news of the disaster reached the neighboring ports several ships started at once to the relief of possible survivors, but were driven back by the falling ashes and rocks. The closest observation showed the houses still blazing and the streets strewn with charred bodies, but nothing living in sight. On May 10 the first relief parties reached St. Pierre. It was then discovered that the entire population had been smitten dead almost instantly by a mass of burning gas which fell upon the city. Many were found with their hands clasped over their mouths as if they had tried to resist suffocation. Not a building remains standing, and the devastation is complete. Burial parties are working night and day, but it is impossible to care for the dead as their friends would wish. In many cases there can be no identification because of the horrible mutilation caused by the falling fire and the utter absence of clothing, which was

burned off the bodies. As a sanitary necessity thousands of unidentified and partly burned corpses are being cremated. They are placed on huge piles of wood and covered with tar and petroleum to hasten their destruction. French authorities have taken control, and military law has been proclaimed to prevent vandalism while the work of restoration is in progress.

A Hail of Fire in St. Vincent

WHILE Mt. Pelee was devastating St. Pierre, Mt. Soufriere, on the island of St. Vincent, was beginning to belch forth ashes and rocks, which were scattered over the surrounding country. Six streams of lava flowed down the side of the volcano. The destruction of life was comparatively small, owing to the fact that many of the people found refuge in Kingstown and other parts of the island before the hail of fire could overtake them. It is known that 700 have perished, and this number is being constantly increased by the searching parties that are out. The configuration of the mountain is entirely changed. Everything in the vicinity of the volcano is buried in lava.

Relief for the Sufferers

IN addition to the 30,000 who were killed outright by the eruption of Mt. Pelee, 50,000 living outside of St. Pierre have been made homeless and are in need of food. A large number on St. Vincent are also destitute. Many of the refugees in Martinique have been taken to Fort de France, some distance south of St. Pierre. Relief has been sent from the neighboring islands, and at this writing United States warships and private vessels are en route to the scenes of disaster with supplies. President Roosevelt asked Congress for \$500,000 and was granted \$200,000, with the assurance that more would be voted if needed. Boston, New York, and other cities are also taking the matter up. England and France have acted promptly, and will spend money freely for the relief of the people. Numerous large private contributions are being made in other parts of Europe.

Martinique and St. Vincent

THESE islands belong to the Lesser Antilles, and are about 450 miles southeast of Porto Rico and the Danish West Indies, 1,600 miles due east of Nicaragua, and a short distance northeast of South America. They are, therefore, in the midst of the equatorial volcanic region. Martinique belongs to France, and is 45 miles long and 15 miles wide. St. Pierre was the principal commercial city, and had a population of 25,000. Of this number about 2,500 were white, of French descent, the remainder being Negroes of the best class. The chief industries were the manufacture of sugar, cocoa, and rum. The city was built on a narrow terrace at the base of Mt. Pelee, which slopes back from the sea for five miles and terminates in a broad peak 4,000 feet high. Just south of Martinique is the island of St. Lucia. Then comes St. Vincent, with a population of 45,000 confined within an area 18 miles long by 11 broad. There are about 3,000 Europeans and 30,-

000 Africans, the rest being Asiatics, with a sprinkling of Caribs. The raising of arrowroot is the chief industry. Kingstown is the trading centre and one town of importance in the island.

Beef Trust Attacked

DEFINITE action was taken against the beef trust on May 10. On that date Attorney General Knox filed an application for an injunction against the packers in the United States Circuit court for the Northern District of Illinois. A striking feature of the bill is the prominence given to the question of rebates from the railroads. Preliminary injunctions have already been issued by Judge Grosscup, in the United States court at Chicago, against fifteen roads for allowing rebates amounting to from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000, while small shippers were forced to pay the full tariff. The roads have met this by fixing a uniform rate based on the minimum charged the trust, so that now under the operation of the temporary injunction there is no discrimination. In the action against the trust proper the first step will be to get the temporary injunction at once and then seek to make it permanent. A large amount of evidence has been collected, and Attorney General Knox and his associates are confident that the Government will win.

EVENTS WORTH NOTING

FATAL EXPLOSION. — Twenty-five persons were killed outright and from 100 to 150 frightfully burned by four explosions of oil and naphtha at Sheridanville, near Pittsburg, on Monday.

YATES ENDORSED. — A largely-attended Republican State convention was held at Springfield, Ill., on May 8, at which the administration of Governor Yates and the candidacy of Congressman Albert J. Hopkins of Aurora for the United States Senate were overwhelmingly endorsed.

MINERS' STRIKE. — The threatened strike of coal miners in the anthracite region of Pennsylvania began on Monday. It is a complete tie-up of 357 collieries, and fully 145,000 men are idle. A convention is in session at Hazelton today (Wednesday), to determine whether the strike shall be made permanent or not.

PHILIPPINE INQUIRY. — The military trial of General Smith has resulted in a verdict of not guilty, and the papers are now en route to Washington for final review by the President. Secretary Root takes the entire responsibility for the policy of retaliation and reconcentration being carried out by the commanders in the Philippines.

EARTHQUAKE IN CENTRAL AMERICA. — News has been received in this country of widespread and destructive earthquakes in Guatemala, which began on April 18, and continued for three days. The whole northwestern region is said to be in ruins. It is estimated that 5,000 people were killed in Quesaltenango, the second largest city in the country.

MUNICIPAL LEAGUE. — The eighth annual meeting of the National Municipal League and the tenth National Conference for good city government were held in Boston last week. Representative delegates were present from most of the large cities. All phases of city government were discussed by men who had given special attention to the solution of municipal problems. The object of the League is to overthrow boss rule by enlisting the "stay-at-home" party in aggressive non-partisan politics.

MENTAL LOVE

EMOTION and intellection both have to do with religion. All parts of our nature, the thinking power as well as the loving power, must be enlisted in the work of the Lord. Ignorance is always a detraction from sainthood. Lack of complete knowledge about God, His nature and doings, or about the best ways of serving Him, is a partial incapacitation. People should be not only good, but thoughtful; the more thoughtful they are, other things being equal, the better they will be. They can discriminate more closely between falsehood and truth, between right and wrong, if they have clear, strong intellects and vigorously use them. We are commanded to love God with our minds no less than with our hearts.

Love has been defined as "the delighted perception of the excellence of things." The keener, then, our perceptive powers, the stronger our love. God says, "Come, study Me," as well as, "Come, admire Me," or "Come, accept My dominion." We are to sing and pray and serve with the spirit. Yes; but we are likewise to sing and pray and serve with the understanding. If in malice we are to be babes, in mind we are to be men, full-grown adults; and only such can be accounted ideal Christians. We cannot "walk worthily of the Lord, unto all pleasing," unless we are "filled with the knowledge of His will in all spiritual wisdom and understanding." Though light and love are not the same, it is not necessary or profitable for them to be divorced. A large measure of one is no small help to the other. God wants to be understood. His cause has greatly suffered because of the blunders made by a foolishness that was not from above. Childlikeness and childishness are not the same. Oh, for more saints that are sages! If we can have but one, give us the former, but by all means let us have them combined so far as possible.

TOO STRICT

IT has been well said that no man in this world has a right to all his rights. Certainly no one who professes to be an imitator of Jesus Christ can take his full rights without giving the lie to his profession. He who would stand beside his Saviour must get leagues above the low baseness of insisting upon all his rights, and find keenest exhilaration in the renouncing of that which he is unquestionably entitled to. He must not only be resigned to the inevitable, but to the evitable. In this is far truer glory. He must not only give up that which is of doubtful rectitude, but that which is undoubtedly right so far as he is concerned, but which could not be claimed without probable harm to others. If he has the proper spirit, self-indulgence that threatens the welfare of the weaker will lose its charm for him, and he will get far more comfort from putting it away than from taking it in.

Voluntary surrender of that which belongs to us is a badge of true greatness. Genuine nobility lies along the line of cheerful renunciation. It consists not in getting, but in giving; not in claiming

rights and insisting on privileges, but in waiving them that a larger amount of usefulness may be set to one's account. There is much greater joy to the true Christian in duty done at personal cost than in selfish gratification that could be taken without blame. He who cries out, with reference to this or that program of higher living, "Too strict," approaches the matter from the wrong side. Let him first get filled with the mind of the Master, let him tarry long at Calvary, let him meditate a good while on the self-surrender of Jesus, and he will find that he cannot retain his own self-respect without a strictness of walk which to the worldly mind will seem absurd.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER

PERHAPS there is no service of the Christian Church in which the individuality of the minister is so conspicuously manifest as in the administration of the Lord's Supper. There are clergymen who make the occasion profoundly spiritual, comforting and inspiring — a season of veritable communion with Him who said: "Do this in remembrance of Me;" but there are others who rob it of seriousness and worshipfulness, giving it the appearance of a mechanical routine or martinet drill. We wonder if ministers realize what a deep feeling exists in the church concerning the different methods of administration, and how often the people compare and criticize. The writer has heard considerable comment on this subject of late and is sure it would be very suggestive and profitable to pastors if they could be made aware of the sentiments of their people; therefore some of the opinions concerning the manner of administration are herewith grouped for the benefit of those who summon the people to meet their Lord at His table: One devout church member said that, not long ago, in one of our large city churches the observance of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper became so sweetly impressive and profoundly religious that fully one-half the congregation was bathed in tears. The minister is quiet, subdued, tender, but withal so full of the spirit that should prevail in the soul of any man who seeks to commemorate Calvary and the cross, that the people appropriate his spirit. Wherever he is stationed his people gladly welcome this sacrament and find it rich in consolation and comfort. In contrast, we heard a woman refer to what she termed the "unintentional flippancy and bustle" of her minister in administering the service. "There is no solemnity about it," she affirmed. "From beginning to end he rushes through the service as if there was not sufficient time to do it decently and in order. Instead of cultivating devoutness, he dispels it. His people lose all desire and zest for the sacrament because of the unhappy manner in which it is administered." Another said: "I listened to a peculiarly fitting and inspiring address leading up to the communion and expected an unusually precious season as we went forward to the altar, but here my minister wholly fails. He passes the bread and the wine in almost utter silence, and bids the communicants depart in a short sentence that

is almost curt in effect. He is too abrupt in matter and manner, and the service proves more than disappointing."

Such, in substance, are the voluntary testimonies of three sincere and representative members of as many churches in this vicinity. We have pondered much their words and wondered if it were not possible to sobring this very important subject to the frank consideration of our ministers as to secure better methods of administration in many of our churches. May we suggest, first, that every minister should, on each new occasion, so school his own soul that he shall come to the table filled with the spirit of his Lord? Imagine how Paul would administer this sacrament, he who said, "I am crucified with Christ;" "I live, not I, but Christ liveth in me;" "Whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord." If Paul led the disciples of Jesus to His table, would not they see their Lord in spiritual vision? It should be made by the minister a "holy of holies," a mount of transfiguration, an exceeding great joy and inspiration. Second, special and particular care should be taken in the administration to avoid any seeming haste, mechanical routine, or anything like a spirit of command or dictation on the part of the minister. Our ritual is unusually happy and fitting. As a rule, it would better be followed to the letter. Very awkward work is often made in an effort to extemporize certain parts of the service. It is wise for the minister to steep his mind in the ritual. He who broods long over the institution of this sacrament as told in the gospel and by Paul, will be able to make the observance very real and inspiring.

Brethren, think on these things, and you will be more successful in meeting your Lord at His table and in helping your people into fellowship with Him there.

PROPOSED DISSOLUTION OF ANDOVER SEMINARY

IT appears, from a noteworthy editorial in the Boston *Transcript* of May 7 — indicating by its ear-marks that it was written by some one possessing knowledge at first hand and speaking with authority — that this once greatly useful and honored seminary is in a more desperate condition than was generally supposed. The writer of the editorial says:

"The trustees of Andover Theological Seminary, having approved the findings of a special committee to report on the situation of the seminary, which committee reported that the time had come for a change of site, and the same opinion having been confirmed by a majority of those denominational leaders present at a conference of officials and friends of the institution, recently held in this city, it seems probable that ere long the oldest of the Orthodox Congregational seminaries of New England will leave the noble site it now has and take up its abode elsewhere."

Discussing the places to which removal is likely to be made — an act which seems to us to involve the death and extinction of the institution — the writer says:

"Assuming that all legal steps have been taken to make the change from Andover possible, whither shall it turn: to Yale or

to Harvard? Yale and Hartford seminaries care for southern New England. Geographical reasons, so far as they still have weight, seem to call for the maintenance of a school in mid-New England, and the early identification of Congregationalism with the city of Cambridge would make it easy to go the city of Thomas Shepard and the Cambridge synod. But there is the memory of the denominational fission, and Harvard's long identification with the Unitarian denomination, and the fact that Andover was established on a compromise compact between the warring Orthodox factions, especially to offset the defection of the Harvard Divinity School to Unitarianism. This latter fact, if there were no other reasons, probably would prevent at the present time anything like a merging of the Andover Seminary with the Harvard Divinity School should the choice be to go to Cambridge rather than New Haven. For while the Harvard Divinity School has become undenominational, and while time has lessened many of the asperities of the Trinitarian-Unitarian controversy, the time has not come when the Orthodox ranks are willing to formally change the training of their clergy from a distinctively denominational school to an undenominational one."

It is gratifying to note that the historic relation of Andover to Harvard is so clearly recognized and pointed out, and that the union of the two, which prominent Congregationalists have advised, is seen to be impossible. Such a union would be a betrayal of trust on the part of the Andover management that the courts would enjoin. The reasons for a removal are thus stated:

"The main factor is the altered estimate put upon the rural seminary by the best graduates of the colleges seeking training for the Christian ministry. Neither in libraries, laboratories nor museums, nor in opportunity to do what in medical parlance would be called clinical work, can the isolated seminary compete with the institution which is a part of or which is affiliated with the university, or which is so near the large cities as to give professors and students the opportunities needed."

But if this be true, how do we account for the fact that Hartford Seminary, a Congregational institution, not affiliated with a university, has a larger number of students than in previous years? That our own Drew Theological Seminary, at Madison, N. J., which is a "rural seminary" and not "affiliated with a university," is overflowing with students? Or how shall we answer the harder question, How is it that the Harvard Divinity School, "in the city of Thomas Shepard and the Cambridge synod" and an organic part of the great university, does not now, and never has, attracted a respectable attendance? The present enrollment in the three regular classes is only eighteen. Indeed, the Divinity School seems to be the only department of the university that the management cannot make attractive. Oh, no! The threatened dissolution of Andover Seminary is not occasioned because it is a rural, isolated and unaffiliated institution; it dies because of internal disease, in head as well as heart. It was a rural, isolated and unaffiliated seminary in the great days of Moses Stuart, Austin Phelps, and Edwards A. Park, but there was a type of theological thought and life on Andover Hill then which drew young men from

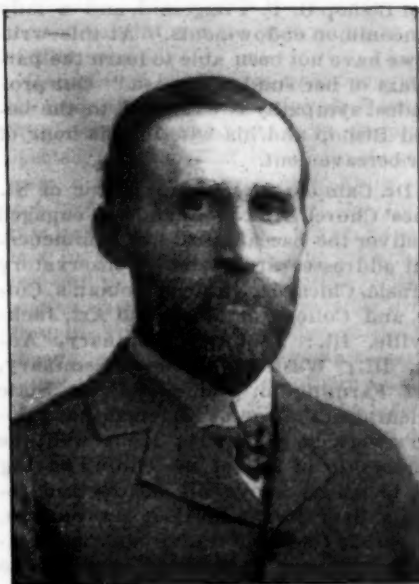
all sections of the country and the world; and if those old beacon-fires were burning on Andover Hill today it would be impossible to keep young men from flocking thither. The disease at Andover cannot be overcome by the mere change of locality. The patient can be more easily cured in the old revered domicile than anywhere else. The proposition for removal is injudicious, if not craven. A change of location will not remedy the trouble; it is too deep-seated and general. Remove the seminary "to the city of Thomas Shepard and the Cambridge synod" — as now seems to be the purpose — and make no change in the characteristic thought and life of the institution, and it will remain studentless.

What a shocking waste of its superb equipment a removal entails! What is to be done with its fine brick dormitories, its stone library building and chapel? If the seminary is removed, the elegant buildings will become useless wreckage. It is a profanation to contemplate so destructive a purpose. The scheme cannot be in harmony with God's purpose either in the past or the present. God must mean something better for an institution which for over a half-century He so signally honored.

But the worst of it is, this strange proposition will be received as a confirmation of the alleged trend of the Congregational body in New England. For a quarter of a century it has been stoutly asserted by a distinguished contingent in that denomination that there was an inevitable drift in doctrine and life toward Unitarianism. It will now be affirmed that herein lies the real reason for the proposed dissolution of Andover Theological Seminary.

New Presiding Elder of Bucksport District.

BISHOP WALDEN, who presided very satisfactorily at the East Maine Conference, exhibited excellent judgment in selecting Rev. F. L. Hayward as presiding



REV. F. L. HAYWARD

elder of Bucksport District. Born in Maine, educated at Kent's Hill and at Wesleyan University, he is a loyal son of New England. His work in the ministry began in the New England Southern Conference, where he took a good grade of appointments, and from which he was transferred to the Des Moines Conference, where he was

appointed to the best churches. In 1895 he spent three months in Europe in travel and study. In 1899 he was transferred to the East Maine Conference, and in the spring of 1900 was appointed to Old Town, where he has had two unusually successful years. The *Old Town Enterprise*, in referring to his appointment, says: "In this last appointment quite a peculiar incident is noticeable, from the fact that the three presiding elders — Rev. T. F. Jones appointed to Rockland District in 1900, having previously preached in Orono; Rev. D. B. Dow to the Bangor District in 1901, formerly being pastor in Old Town; and Rev. F. L. Hayward receiving his appointment this year — were all three students at Kent's Hill and all feel strongly bound together by tender ties. The removal of Mr. Hayward and family from Old Town is not only regretted by his parishioners, but by the citizens at large." An able preacher, a wise executive, a critical reader of men, abundant in labors, unselfish, sympathetic and brotherly, we are confident that he will magnify the office to which he is appointed. He will reside in Bucksport, and will become the district reporter of church news for the columns of ZION'S HERALD.

Yale Honoring and Honored

ON Monday, May 5, Yale University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon Lord Kelvin (William Thompson), the greatest living scientist and professor of philosophy in the University of Glasgow, a position which he has held since 1846. This degree would have been conferred during the bicentennial celebration of last October but for the fact that Lord Kelvin found it impossible to be in New Haven at that time. The ceremony was performed in Battell Chapel in the presence of the corporation and faculty of the University, the members of the graduate school and of the senior classes of the several departments, and many invited guests.

Dr. R. H. Chittenden, director of the Sheffield Scientific School, presented the candidate for the degree to President Hadley, who said: "William Thompson, Lord Kelvin: To some of the men of science it is given to render practical service by their discoveries; to others it is given to use those discoveries as a means to the profounder understanding of the laws of the universe. Yours has been the honor of combining both these results in the work of a single life. You have joined the different regions of the earth by your investigations of the submarine telegraph; you have joined the different realms of human thought by your contributions to physical theory. In recognition of this long and glorious service, wherein each successful achievement which seemed to the world a culmination of your labors was with you only the starting-point for severer labors and the stepping-stone toward achievements yet higher, we confer upon you the degree of Doctor of Laws, and admit you to all its rights and privileges."

Prolonged and enthusiastic applause greeted the venerable scientist as the blue hood was placed upon his shoulders by Professors B. W. Bacon and H. W. Farnam. In his brief address of response Lord Kelvin, after expressing his appreciation and gratitude in view of the honor conferred, took occasion to congratulate the University upon its past achievements, its present success in securing to young men a thorough equipment for the work of life, and its brilliant prospects for the future. He emphasized the value and importance of literary studies — the "utterly useless things," as they are sometimes called — to the professional and the business man, as a means to

soul-culture and breadth of view and of interests, as well as a source of mental rest and refreshment in the midst of pressing cares and duties. He spoke with special feeling of the great necessity, which the community as well as the university ought to recognize, of giving to university professors time and means for original research. Yet he would not have research laboratories as such established, for he believes that the man engaged in research work should also come in contact with students. He said: "It is a pleasure to bring before a class of students the results of one's investigations; it is a greater pleasure if one can make them understand these; it is the greatest pleasure of all to impart to them something of the hidden fire which shall kindle in them a desire and purpose toward further investigation and achievement."

Lord Kelvin is one of the few great living mathematicians and natural philosophers. He was born in 1824, and was graduated from Cambridge University, Eng., in 1845. "Popularly he is best known by his association with the Atlantic cable, a gigantic idea, which, but for his investigations, might perhaps not have been realized or even attempted. On its successful completion in 1866 he was knighted."

PERSONALS

— Bishop E. R. Hendrix will deliver the Cole Lectures for 1903 at Vanderbilt University, his subject being, "The Religion of the Incarnation."

— Rev. Erwin H. Richards, of Inham-bane, East Central Africa Mission Conference, will soon return to this country on business connected with the mission.

— The desire has been so strong and general that President J. H. Race remain at the head of Grant University, at Athens, Tenn., that he has finally consented to do so.

— Chaplain Orville J. Nave reports that on his recent return from the Philippines he saw Bishop Moore for a little time at Nagasaki. The Bishop was giving himself with unstinted energy to his great work.

— Rev. William Love, D. D., well known in New England, but now of the First Church, Minneapolis, will spend three months this summer among old scenes in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. He will sail the middle of June.

— Rev. L. E. Prentiss, D. D., has been appointed the twentieth-century financial secretary of Grant University, under authority of the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society.

— Mr. Bennett E. Titus, managing editor of the *Northern Christian Advocate*, is demonstrating that he is the right man in the right place. For the first time last year, in nearly forty years, the paper was self-sustaining, always having been published before at a loss.

— Among the recipients of the degree of bachelor of divinity at the commencement of Princeton Seminary last week, was George S. Stark, a Negro. This is the first time that this institution has honored a Negro in this way. Stark is a graduate of Lincoln University, and is a brilliant student.

— Rev. Fred Winslow Adams and his father and mother, Rev. and Mrs. T. P. Adams, are located in the parsonage of the State St. Church at 607 State St., Schenectady, N. Y., where their many New England friends should address them. The son was transferred from the New York East to the Troy Conference and appointed to this church, in exchange for Rev. Dr. Francis T. Brown, who was appointed to Middle-

town, Conn. Mr. Adams has a very large and aggressive church, with a membership of over a thousand.

— Miss Mary E. Lunn was unexpectedly called to Racine, Wis., last week by the sudden death of her widowed sister-in-law. She expects to return to Boston some time during the summer before taking up her work in September as superintendent of the New York Deaconess Home.

— Mr. J. D. Flint, of St. Paul's Church, Fall River, upon hearing from the field secretary, Dr. E. M. Taylor, of the urgent needs in China, presented him with a check for \$1,000 to help on the work there. Mr. Flint has established the habit of generous giving to our foreign missions, as many can gratefully attest.

It is anticipated that Rev. George W. King, Ph.D., of Trinity Church, Worcester, will be appointed to Centenary Church, Binghamton, N. Y., and that Rev. Dr. J. M. Taber, of First Church, Chattanooga, will be appointed to Trinity. The decision of Dr. J. H. Race not to return to Centenary, as was expected, makes the two changes noted probable.

— President W. H. P. Faunce, D. D., of Brown University, Providence, R. I., will deliver the address at the graduating exercises of East Greenwich Academy, Wednesday forenoon, June 11. Senator N. W. Aldrich, a former student of East Greenwich Academy, will deliver the address at the centennial jubilee of that institution Thursday forenoon, June 12.

— At a meeting of the district stewards of Lynn District, held April 30, recognition was made of the fact that Rev. E. R. Thorndike, D. D., is entering upon the sixth and last year of service as presiding elder of that district, and considerate and commendatory resolutions were passed "for his faithful and successful service," "his kindness, frankness and loyal devotion to the interests of churches and pastors."

— With a sad heart we read the following paragraph in the *Christian Advocate* of Nashville (Church South), last week: "We were greatly shocked to learn of the sudden death, on Sunday morning last, of Mrs. Lillian Fitzgerald Banks, of Memphis. Mrs. Banks was the youngest daughter of Bishop O. P. Fitzgerald, and a lady of uncommon endowments. At this writing we have not been able to learn the particulars of her sudden decease." Our profoundest sympathy is extended to the beloved Bishop and his wife in this hour of their bereavement.

— Dr. Camden M. Coburn, pastor of St. James' Church, Chicago, has been engaged to deliver the baccalaureate or commencement addresses at Western Conservatory of Music, Chicago; Illinois Woman's College, and College of Music and Art, Jacksonville, Ill.; Jennings Seminary, Aurora, Ill.; Western Reserve Seminary, West Farmington, Ohio; and the State Agricultural College of Michigan. Dr. Coburn's work at St. James opens well, the membership in full of the church having been increased, above all deaths and removals, over 130 in the last six months. The Sunday-school, under the superintendency of Rev. C. C. Kelso, continues to be the largest in the city, and offers an ideal example of what faithful work and good grading can do.

— The *Christian Uplook* and *Northern Advocate* devote large space, with portraits and tributes, to the life and work of the late Henry Huntington Otis, "one of the noblest laymen of Methodism." Mr. Otis was a bookseller all the years of his busy and eventful life. The *Uplook* says: "His religious experience was deep, broad, genu-

ine. There was no cant or hypocrisy attached to his Christian life. He was called of God to sell and publish books. That was his vocation. At the first start he determined to consecrate all his energies and his best thought to advancing the kingdom from behind the counter. His store for many years was the headquarters for Methodist preachers, and at quite an expense he fitted up an elegant room for them where, free of all charge, they held their weekly meetings. And usually a vase of beautiful flowers was placed on the table through his thoughtful interest." Mr. Otis passed away, April 26, at the age of 68 years.

— The editor met Rev. R. R. Meredith, D. D., at Foster's Sanitarium, Clifton Springs, N. Y. Sitting in the parlor, reading Van Dyke's "Gospel for an Age of Doubt," no one would infer that he had been so dangerously ill. He looks uncommonly well, but has a form of heart trouble which, as yet, no physician has been able to diagnose. He has no trace of Bright's disease, and appears like his old brilliant self, just as alert mentally as ever. When we playfully remarked that he had disappointed us, as we had made all necessary arrangements to do up his "taking off," he replied in characteristic fashion, "You don't need to hurry up that matter." When he lay so desperately ill in Mexico, unconscious for seventeen days except as he could be aroused by wife and near friends, he said that one of the two men who came to his great need was one converted under his ministry when he was preaching in Methodist pulpits. His great trouble is a sense of physical weakness, which precludes walking, or any physical activity, and hinders good sound sleep. He thinks that his recovery will be exceedingly slow. Mrs. Meredith is with him. He was greatly comforted in his illness by receiving tender messages of sympathy from those who had come to know him, all over the world nearly, through his Bible class and preaching.

BRIEFLETS

The love of God in Nature is one of the twelve gates of heaven.

The corner-stone of the McKinley Memorial Ohio College of Government of the American University, Washington, D. C., will be laid at 4 p. m., May 14. Bishop Mallalieu will preside, and addresses will be delivered by Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, Senator Marcus A. Hanna, of Ohio, Hon. Henry B. F. Macfarland, and Rev. Dr. F. M. Bristol. The corner-stone will be laid by President Roosevelt.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church will be held in the Fifth Avenue Church, New York city, beginning May 15. The Fifth Avenue Church will accommodate two thousand persons. The Assembly will occupy the central part of the building with its six hundred members. One of the most important items to come before it will be the report of the committee upon the Revision of the Confession of Faith.

The Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain reports during the past year the largest increase in membership for nineteen years. The net increase of fully accredited members in society is 8,136. Last year the increase amounted to 2,481 only.

It was twenty-one years ago, on May 1, since prohibition was adopted in Kansas. On that day Governor Stanley delivered an address in which he discussed

[Continued on Page 640.]

"Not Without Honor"

SURELY, the Scriptural assertion that "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country and in his own house," is refuted in our columns this week, for it is with pardonable pride that we present on the cover the portrait of our young Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. John L. Bates, and below his masterly address as lay fraternal delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, delivered on Monday evening, May 12. Strong, comprehensive, eloquent, this message of young, virile, Northern Methodism to our sister church can hardly fail to promote an even more brotherly feeling than exists today between the two Methodisms.

ADDRESS OF LAY FRATERNAL DELEGATE

HON. JOHN L. BATES.

Lieut.-Governor of Massachusetts.

[Delivered before the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, at Dallas, Texas, as fraternal messenger from the Methodist Episcopal Church, May 12, 1902.]

MR. PRESIDENT, HONORED FATHERS, and BRETHREN: To stand in the presence of this body of men, the highest earthly authority in the discipline, training and direction of that army of one million and a half, that important division of the church militant, the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, is a privilege to be highly esteemed. To stand here with my distinguished brother, the Chancellor of Nebraska Wesleyan University, as a fraternal messenger, bearing the greetings and the tidings of the Methodist Episcopal Church to this General Conference, is to be accorded a meed of honor that far exceeds my deserts. I realize, as never before, the greatness of the cause I here represent, and how inadequate to the duty before me must be any services that I can render.

Dr. Huntington has, with well-chosen words, told you of the good-will of our church, suggested the harmony of our purpose, and described the work that we are doing. To all that he has said I give my cordial assent. The clergy and laity here, as throughout our organization, labor in the utmost harmony. I should not feel justified in attempting to add to what he has said were it not for the fact that, however harmonious their relations may be, there is a division between the minister and the people that makes it possible for me, as representing the latter, to speak for the ordinarily silent ranks, while he speaks for the vociferous captains. I bring you, then, the greetings of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and particularly of the two million, nine hundred thousand men and women who never go into the pulpit, but sit in the pews, pay the bills, sing the songs, and fight the battles. Of that vast number, I know of none but what, if here, would bear testimony to the universal feeling of good-will that our people entertain for you.

We are not here to greet you simply because your name is "Methodist." It is rather because, bearing that name, you have been a mighty force for the saving of the people and the advancement of the cause of Christ. Upon all that you have accomplished we congratulate you. Great have been your victories, wonderful your triumphs. We recognize the revelation of the power of the Almighty in your remarkable growth. But if we were here only to congratulate you upon the past, this would be no more than a funeral occasion, which occasions are always depressing, no matter how extreme the eulogy. Therefore hearty as are our congratulations upon your past, even more hearty are our congratulations upon the boundless future that opens to

you. Fully equipped, trained, steady and true, no man shall be able to stand before you; only, as the Lord spake unto Joshua, so may it be with you, "that the book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night; that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein, for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success."

But, while speaking for

Our Laymen

let me add that the progress of our church is not hampered by the existence of any jealousy between the pulpit and the pew. If there are any men in this busy Republic who are living unselfish lives, who give freely of their time, strength and substance for the welfare of their fellowmen and the advancement of God's kingdom, who toil without hope of adequate compensation, except as it may come in the satisfaction experienced when duty is done, they are the Methodist preachers of this land. I speak not without knowledge. Through boyhood and youth I was an unimportant factor in the itinerant's home. I know the toils and the sacrifices of the minister, aye, and of the minister's wife, for the cause that he and she hold dear. There may be self-made men, but I have not met them. We are all debtors, in great measure, to heredity and to environment. I would not swap the cradle of a Methodist parsonage for the cradle of a palace, nor the example of the patience, the sacrifice, the piety of the parents whose lives still bless my days, for the birthright of princes. Most gladly, then, do I, as a layman, in bringing you tidings of the great organization that sent me, pay my tribute to the ministers of that denomination, to whose unswerving fidelity and brilliant services its wonderful success under the providence of God is so largely due. May the blessings of Heaven rest upon the ministers, and may the churches in their anxiety to find a preacher that is young, not forget that wisdom is not born, but accumulated; that it is where the furrows of the face are deep and where the snows of many winters crown the head that that experience is to be found that reveals the years of study, the walks with God that fit one to direct others on the road to heaven. Beautiful is the rosy morn, but more beautiful yet the rich painting of the setting sun.

Our church has lost its most conspicuous layman, the nation's beloved President, William McKinley. Always deeply respected, honored and loved by those who were near enough to him to know of the greatness of his soul and of the motives that governed his action, he was, nevertheless, in the administration of the affairs of the nation, subjected to hostile criticism, and even to abuse by those who differed from his policies and who thoughtlessly refused to accord to him the same sincerity of belief that they expected others to accord to them. But when he who had swayed Congress by his arguments, won the American people by his strength of purpose and wise statesmanship, commanded armies, declared wars, overthrown kingdoms, crushed tyrants, and lifted up the down-trodden—when he was stricken by foul murder, and the world heard him not reproach, but pray for, his destroyer; when he, on his bed of pain, turned not his thoughts to empires, or principalities, or powers, but tuned his heart to sing the prayer, "Nearer, my God, to Thee;" when he met the solemn spectre, Death, and shrank not back, but with a readiness that was beautiful pushed aside the splendors of earth and whispered the parting message, "God's will, not ours, be done," as he swept through the veil into the eternities,

then all men recognized that he had been a Christian statesman, and that in the example of his life there stood revealed an ideal after which men may pattern for all the years to come. Methodism has produced many such men. They are to be found in the humble cottage, on the farm, in the workshop. They know how to live, and they know how to die.

We have been

A Strenuous Church.

In the early days the itinerant lived in the saddle, and we are still on the move. The battle-line of yesterday is the camping-ground of today, and the buglers of Methodism have never learned to sound the retreat. Our strenuousness may have made us aggressive. If there have ever been any boundaries to our territory, we have never been able to discover, as you are well aware, the marking posts. We have acted on the principle of the resolve once passed in a church meeting in Milford in my State: "Resolved, that the earth belongs to the saints; Resolved, that we are the saints." But we are the allies, and not the rivals, of all who are engaged in a similar work.

The agencies that we have employed have been effective. Our Board of Church Extension has, since 1865, aided over 12,000 churches. Our Board of Education, established in 1866, has assisted 11,000 students. Our educational institutions have accumulated \$30,000,000 worth of property, and are supplying the needs of 46,000 pupils. Our 32,000 Sunday-schools, officered and manned by 346,000 teachers, have 2,700,000 scholars. For a century, on the average, each succeeding year has seen a net increase of 28,350 in our membership. Today we number 3,000,000. We own \$175,000,000 worth of property, and it requires more than twenty million dollars each year to meet our current expenses. From the half-dozen in the sail-loft a century and a third ago, to the vast host of today, is an expansion without parallel.

We have been strenuous, but we are not content. We dwell not in the past; we live in the present; and many are the reasons which fill our hearts with hope for the future. The rapid growth of the Epworth League, its complete organization, its attraction for the young people, and its efficient work, notwithstanding its occasional assumptions, make it a factor of great strength. It is binding the youth to the church; it is training him in the performance of Christian duties; it makes his life sweeter and purer. The need of such an agency has been great. Evil in a thousand forms is ever ready to allure and to degrade. You have read in Victor Hugo's "By Order of the King" of the fear in which the Wapentake, the bailiff of the hundred, was held at one dark period in England's history. He was the agent of tyranny. People shuddered when they saw his form. Clad in black, with hood and wig drawn down to his eye-brows, with an iron staff, short and massive, in his hand, he moved like a spectre through the land, arresting those upon whom suspicion had fallen. He who was touched with his staff had no option but to follow. To refuse, was to be hanged. No questions could be asked. "Silence," was the injunction. With fear chilling his veins, and hope leaving his heart, the doomed man followed the Wapentake through the city street and country lane, through the clanging doors of great prison walls, along dark corridors, through damp passageways, down dungeon stairs where reptiles crawled in slime, until the chamber of torture was reached. The liquor traffic is but one of the Wapentakes abroad in this land today. It binds with a spell that cannot

[Continued on Page 632.]

TWO VOICES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

REV. C. W. HOLDEN.

IT was the year 1807 when Wordsworth, among the hills of Westmoreland, thinking upon the subjugation of Switzerland, composed the sonnet of the "Two Voices." The title of that sonnet, applied to our last century, is made the subject of this essay in order to set forth two prevalent types of feeling which go to make up the receptive and the effective life. One of these voices wanting, personality is defective, but together, or in their own times, they round and complete life.

The old gray tower with its shark's tooth corners cut clear against the green hill beyond, is familiar to every lover of Grasmere church, and even the whilom visitor to the churchyard may carry away, if he will, the unfading picture of the dale and vernal setting, with its principal feature of the ancient church itself. Few are the spots in all England as green as this in the lush of early summer, or as green in the hearts of browsers in the field of poesy. The river bends here and sweeps by. Its pure waters a perpetual baptism from the hills, its crystal foam and flood sing a requiem for the dead who sleep so near. The Lake Country has its own Santa Croce, or Westminster Abbey, in this churchyard at Grasmere. For here sleep Coleridge, De Quincey and Wordsworth, the literary giants of England who were coming into fame at the dawn of the last century. The greatest of this group, whose life began among these glens and grew to manhood and, later, spent his maturity and age here, could have no more fitting grave. Here he rests, not in the great abbey by the busy Thames, but by the banks of the Rotha, which was always to Wordsworth a very river of life. Not far from this spot, at Brantwood, till lately lived that noble writer whose manner was such a blending of solid prose and airy poetry as to make his style the joy of every lover of the beautiful in art. What is stored away in these hills, or floating in sky and cloud, that leads Ruskin, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth to rival in sweetness the warbling of native skylark and linnet? Wordsworth gave his world to us until we also could feel its atmosphere and rejoice in the fellowship of sky and field and hill and lake, and delight in a new-found kinship, and in the lofty knowledge that we, also, with nature, may be charged with the fullness of God.

William Wordsworth

The power to see the physical and learn its analogies in the spiritual — this was Wordsworth's task. Henry Drummond gave us "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," but fifty years before, our poet had given the same lesson in so true a fashion that no new science may convert his message. The poet tells us that he felt his call to be a voice for nature. No one had covered the field; he had virgin soil to work upon. Unwittingly Wordsworth's sonnet to Milton is a perfect portraiture of himself — a star that dwelt apart, a voice

"Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

It was just this voice that was needed for the dawn of the nineteenth century. To the fever and unrest, the social and political upheaval of that time it brought the olive branch of peace, the message of the surpassing value of the contemplative life. "Study to be quiet." Be still, and know that God is in His world.

This was the message of Wordsworth, given in a voice distinctly his own. It was a later voice crying in the wilderness of doubt, both toward God and man, preparing the way for faith and saner life. The poet tells us in the Prelude, his autobiography, how gradually the feeling that he was called to this work grew upon him. He was not disobedient to the earthly vision. The hills, dales, streams and lakes of the land of his childhood were schools and universities in themselves for his growing mind. Not in the studious halls of Cambridge, nor in the new order of society in France, nor in the political struggles of Switzerland and Italy, nor in the stir of London life, could this man find a characteristic message for his fellow-men. Life at Cambridge gives us the sonnets on King's Chapel that are far and away the finest architectural poems in our language; but neither there, nor in London, nor on the Continent — unless it be at Calais, when on the beach

"The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration" —

does Wordsworth find his voice. The life spent in London gives no ringing note; but when the poet gets back to his native hills, and feels their influence in solitude and receptiveness, he reveals the speaking face of earth and heaven; and as no one before him had done, sings the sweet truth that all that world is full of the glory of God. The misanthropy and despair of society, as he had studied it in London and on the Continent, passed from his mind. The disillusionment of travel led him, as a young man, to return home content to spend his long years amid the silence and sublimity of the loveliest natural scenery, and thus it was that he came to speak for Nature, to be an echo of all sweet sounds that found in him a voice reflective and an intonation.

"Ye motions of delight, that haunt the
sides
Of the green hills; ye breezes and soft
airs,
Ye waves, that out of the great deep steal
forth
In a calm hour to kiss the pebbly shore,
Oh, that I had a music and a voice
Harmonious as your own, that I might
tell
What ye have done for me."

In the haunts of the shepherd, wagoner, leach gatherer, reaper, and such folk, simple and humble, the poet gets a deeper wisdom and outgrows the mischief of class distinction.

"There I heard,
From mouths of men obscure and lowly,
truths
Replete with honor; sounds in unison
With loftiest promises of good and fair."

Thus the inward life of common souls kept harmony with outward nature, and the brooding spirit made the humblest kin to the highest.

"For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-
times
The still sad music of humanity
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample
power
To chasten and subdue."

Early in life thoughts of the unseen future throw their questionings in the poet's way. A road winding upward lost to view, beyond the sky line of a far-off hill, was "an invitation into space," a "guide into eternity." In the shadow of great bereavement the poet speaks our heart, —

"I know where'er I go,
That there hath passed away a glory from
the earth."

Life and destiny growing out of duty — how difficult is the task! Not so, if we listen to and heed the "daughter of the voice of God:"

"Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security."

This, then, is the voice of Wordsworth. He came to tell us of the charm and healing virtue of Nature. He taught us how she had her own peculiar way of saying, in the words of Him who made her: "Come unto me and I will give you rest." The voice calls to receptivity to the passive mind that is at leisure from itself. If from the very weariness of life's activities one may some time be forced to turn aside and rest awhile, then, if not before, may it be ours to know the gift of peaceful days and nature's restoring spirit of tranquillity.

Rudyard Kipling

When the nineteenth century closed and its sunset hour had fully come, another voice was heard in the literary world — a poet's voice, differing the widest from Wordsworth. This voice is strange for any sunset time; its strident note declares the dawn. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." The new voice keeps repeating, "Life, to be life at all, must be effective." The reflective life as such fails in efficiency, and there is no excuse for inefficiency. Let us have no whining over failure. Do, or make way for the doer. Laziness is the unpardonable sin. Talk in this fashion is abrupt. Awakening is likely to be abrupt. There is little room for tea-roses and Dresden china in this style.

The new voice is of the workman in a work-a-day world. What we want to know is, so the new singer tells us, how the sea may be made serviceable, the lightnings tractable, lands habitable, and savages and cities redeemable. Sky and sea, land and man, are living forces linked together, in one great trust, to work out the larger world. Exploration, invention, commerce, warfare, education, law and religion are all heralds going forth to renew the world. Amid the hum of all our machinery it is an impertinence for an idler to be in evidence at all. Work has come to his apotheosis. He stands brawny and brave, voicing the lordly language of the times. Labor is life. This advertisement has appeared in the world's column of wants:

"I'm sick of all their quirks and turns,
The loves and doves they dream,

Lord, send a man like Robby Burns
To sing the song of steam."

It has been suggested that Rudyard Kipling is, by all odds, the best applicant for the new poet's place. For this reason I have ventured to compare him with Wordsworth. Wide, indeed, is the contrast, yet it is the essential difference between the negative and positive poles of the battery, the complemental necessity of shade and light in the picture. Kipling, with his world-wide travel and cosmopolitan knowledge, equally at home in the barracks of India, the fishing wharves of Gloucester, the market-place of Cape Town, and the London clubs, is a man among men — all men — voicing the value of reality, painting his picture in song —

"for the God of things as they are."

After visiting a warship with Zogbaum, an artist friend, Kipling sent a set of his books to its master, Captain Evans, with this inscription:

"Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
And I do things with a pen,
But you sit up in a conning tower,
Bossing eight hundred men."

"Zogbaum takes care of his business,
And I take care of mine;
But you take care of ten thousand tons,
Sky-hooting through the brine."

"Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style,
But you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile."

This is pretty fair exposition of the Scripture: "To every man his work." There is no curse in work to the man of Kipling's temper. His genius, if he has any, he confesses, grows out of grinding. Estimate the poet as we may, he will remain a striking example of genius set to the highest service in its own lines, royally, if not reverently, true first and always to the divinity of sheer labor. "I believe in the day's work" is Kipling's creed. The creed does not go far, but it is grandly good as far as it goes. If an itinerant lacks courage to go to the hard appointment, let him Lestir his soul by reading "Mulholland's Contract." It blesses one to read it:

"An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an'
He says to my prayer:
'I never puts on My ministers no more
than they can bear.
So back you go to the cattle-boats, an'
preach My Gospel there.'

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I
should get,
An' I wanted to preach religion, hand-
some an' out of the wet,
But the Word of the Lord were lain on
me, an' I done what I was set."

Here is an order of life that cuts into current selfishness. What preacher of our times has given the American people such an exhortation as they may read in "The White Man's Burden?" Do we not, also, need as a nation that message of the "Recessional?"

"Far-called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire.
Lo! all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Great poetry ever rings true to the noblest thoughts of man toward man and God. Those who would disassociate morality from art will get cold comfort from Kipling. He is preacher as well as poet. We may be sure that Kipling's Methodist mother has not in vain impressed her living faith upon her brilliant son.

A message for a man or for a nation gets clear in Kipling's verse. The world is a little neighborhood. Distances diminish daily. Opportunity is responsibility. The new age of steam and electricity and altruism has found a voice in Kipling:

"By all ye will or whisper,
By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
Shall weigh your God and you."

The voice of Nature in her gentler moods, as Wordsworth loved to picture her, calls to tranquillity and repose; the new voice of today calls for unceasing toil. These voices are not antagonistic, but complementary. Commend us to the quiet, recuperative power of Nature, as she may come to us in her gentle ministrations, healing the tired mind and offering those motherings that make us children again. In place of the shrieks of the French Revolution and the infidelity of Europe, this poet called his nation back to the hills and waters and vales of his own lake land; called us, also, through these, to Duty, the "stern daughter of the voice of God."

Our latest voice is in no wise so. Kipling's poems are as barren of natural impressions as is the style of St. Paul. He speaks of men directly to men. He knows the busy world, its hard dry speech, its picturesque slang, its cold blood; but he sings, as well, of man's sincerity of heart, of shining duty, and of glorious deeds. For all that wars with love of ease and idleness his strenuous speech is uttered. To read him is iron tonic for untried forces. It mans manhood. The path to glory may be found in a straight cut through the day's work.

"If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know through Thee, the blame is
mine!"

Dorchester, Mass.

ROMANISM ON ITS OWN SOIL

I

Cradle of Benedictine Order, Subiaco

LAWRENCE PENGWERN.

ITALY is the cradle of Roman Catholicism. The church has had, practically, unlimited control there for sixteen centuries. If there is any country in the world where we should expect to find a specimen of its own product, it would be Italy. I purpose to study some phases of the work of that church, and the readers can draw their own conclusions.

Some of the instrumentalities used for the broadening of the influence of the Roman Catholic Church, and which were most powerful, were the founding of religious orders. All the Popes have been wise in their day and generation in recognizing these new impulses in the religious life of the people. "Societies within the church" they were called, and they have

been the redeeming elements in the history of Christianity. In their inception they were pure, and represented the intense longing for higher spiritual truths. We may question some of the methods adopted, but we cannot question the sincerity of the motives. Benedict, Francis, Loyola, and a host of other earnest souls, are bright lights in the life of the church. All honor to these seekers after Christ, the All-Truth! Pilgrimages to the haunts of these great men, and a philosophical study of their characters and labors, will lead ever to the same results. Modern historical criticism may not be willing to to accept all the details given by their biographers, but the fact of their influence remains.

The name of Benedict stands out as the most illustrious in the early history of western monasticism. An Italian by birth, he went to Rome in 493 to be educated. The Eternal City, although professedly Christian for nearly two hundred years, was anything but a city of saints. The boy of fourteen could not endure the place. He preferred to be wisely ignorant (*scienter nesciens*) rather than to be contaminated by his surroundings, and so, says Gregory the Great, his biographer, according to the quaint old English translation, he "fled secretly from his nurse to a remote place in the desert, called Sublacus, distant forty miles from Rome, in which a fountain springing with coole and christall waters extendeth itselfe at first into a broad lake and running farther with encrease of waters, becometh, at the last, a river."

Sublacus, or Subiaco, is beautifully situated on the River Anio, and Benedict's retreat is about two hours' walk farther up the river. We shall not stop to speak of the monasteries of Santa Scholastica, wonderful buildings and full of interest to the scholar and archaeologist with their eleventh-century antiquities and manuscripts, though in passing we might add that it was here, in 1465, that the German Arnold Pannartz and Conrad Schweinhelm printed the first book published in Italy, an edition of Donatus, which was followed by Lactantius, Cicero, and Augustine in 1467, of which copies are still preserved there.

The retreat is in a deep gorge of the Anio River, near the site of one of Nero's villas. The grotto in which he lived so many years is in the side of the mountain. It is now the lower church of the monastery. Two other churches are built over it, one on top of the other, and all cut out of the solid rock, the whole forming a remarkable piece of architecture.

The grotto is called "Il Sacro Speco," i. e., the Sacred Cave. The story of Benedict's life in this cave is so full of tradition and exaggeration that it is useless to try to sift the true from the false. Here is the story in brief: At fourteen years of age he reached his mountain retreat, full of extravagant, distorted views of life. It was the spirit of the times. Devout men fled to the desert or cave to escape from sin, supposing that a life of self-torture would deliver them from the frailties of the flesh. Simon Stylites had done it in Antioch, and Gautama had done it in India. There is very little difference, if any at all, between Christian asceticism and Buddhist asceticism. A neighbor-

ing monk discovered the poor boy Benedict, and though he himself could not reach the inaccessible retreat, he let down food to him with a rope. A bell was attached to the rope to give notice of its approach, but even this, says the simple story, the devil could not tolerate without some protest, and so his malice was shown by breaking the rope.

Such an unnatural life for a boy of fourteen led to unnatural results. While in

produced healing — results due to the merits and prayers of the two saints (for should St. Francis be left out?) and the faith of the sick."

What is suggested by such an extravagant story? That the image of the woman is on each leaf? What a slander upon the mothers of our race! Yet the hermit's conception of the life that now is always leads to this conclusion. Right alongside of the Puritanism of New Eng-

the sinner, but continued separation from sin — that is the Christ ideal. Yet, after all, Benedict was far ahead of his time, and the work he did brought the sixteenth-century Christian a little nearer the ideal.

Post-Graduate Course of Study for Deaconesses

REV. SETH C. CARY.

THE growth of the Deaconess movement in the Methodist Episcopal Church is phenomenal; and yet from all appearances we are only at the beginning of its Christ-like and beneficent sway. Wise planning and a broadened outlook only can conserve its blessed possibilities, and secure all the inherent good of the system. So there must be careful direction, judicious guidance, the wisest optimism of the church, and, especially and specifically, the deepest spiritual training that the church can supply. It is wise, therefore, to begin to plan for the better equipment of its workers, as well as its expansion in all directions commensurate with its holy ministry.

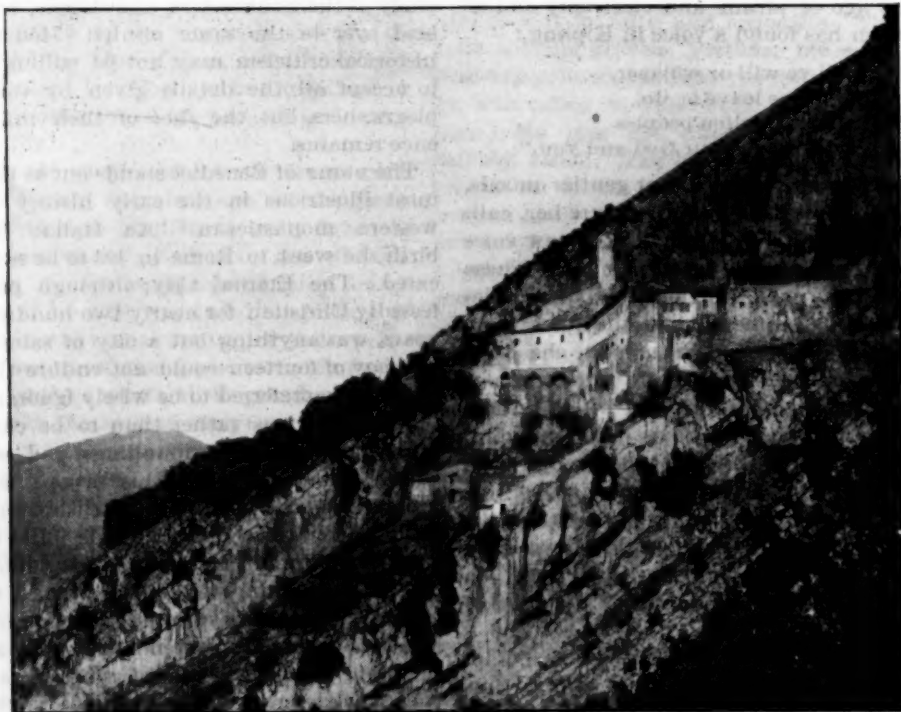
This need suggests a post-graduate course of reading and study for our deaconesses, in order to keep at the very head of the peculiar and delicate work that comes to their hands, and especially the work among the young. A course of this kind is doubtless better at this early period in the history of this movement, than to enlarge its present two years' course of study, or to raise the standard of requirements for admission, both of which will come in due time.

In order to make a beginning in this good work, the following books, in which the writer has no material interest, are suggested as suitable for such a course. They contain, perhaps as well stated as any now accessible, the latest studies in Spiritual Life, Child Nature, and the Conditions and Needs of the Adolescent Period. It is in these departments, all too long neglected, where experimental psychology is making its grandest present-day discoveries, and all who are to be leaders or the most successful workers in this greatest of all fields, will need to reckon with these problems, stated as they are in the newer forms of psychologic investigation.

The commendation of these books is all the more pleasant since one of the authors, in a recent communication to the writer, makes this reverent statement of the possibilities of child religion: "I have never known a conscious moment of alienation from God." Many of us believe that this is the heritage to which the children are called, and it is only the lack of faith, consecration, and knowledge in the church that keeps the child from his inheritance. How much longer will the church dare to bar the child's way to the Throne? How much longer will we dare to live in neglect and ignorance of the dearly bought and sacred privileges of our youth?

The list of books suggested is as follows: The English Bible, religiously and thoroughly studied, with the American Committee's Revision as a commentary; "The Election of Grace," Bishop William Taylor; "The Philosophy of Christian Experience," Bishop R. S. Foster; "Spiritual Life," Prof. George A. Coe; "Psychology of Religion," Prof. Starbuck; "Nursery Ethics," Flora Hull Winterburn; "A Study of Child Life," Mrs. Harrison; "Psychology of the Child," Tracy; "The Intellectual and Moral Nature of the Child," Compayré; also occasional articles treating of these subjects in the *American Journal of Psychology* and the *Pedagogical Seminary*.

It is possible that the great revival for



BENEDICTINE MONASTERY

his cave he was haunted by the shape of a beautiful woman, with whose image the youthful recluse had been familiar in Rome, and at one time he was almost at the point of leaving the hermitage in search of the woman herself. But, says the ingenuous story, "he summoned all his fortitude, and stripped himself of the vestment of skins, which was his only covering, rushed naked among the thorns and briars which grew around his retreat, and rolled himself among them till he had extinguished the impure flame which devoured him." Thus, the woman, who was given to be a helpmate for man, became the arch-temptress — a very incarnation of evil, and to be shunned as the devil himself; the beautiful home life of the Christian despoiled by a warped view of man's relation to the gentler sex. The simple story declares that after this bed of thorns "no impulses of sensual passion ever revisited him." We are now shown this historic bed of thorns, but, happy transformation! it is now a bed of roses. The pretty story is told that when Francis, seven hundred years after, visited Subiaco, he bade the thorns produce roses. Now, seven hundred more years have rolled on, and the garden of roses survives. A book I bought at the monastery, written by a devout Roman Catholic, adds this: "In memory of this, one Benedictine congregation adopted the custom of encircling the Pax not with thorns only, but with roses also. And here the roses still grow, and on each leaf is invariably to be traced in brown on the green ground the form of a serpent. Many have found that these leaves, dried and taken as a powder, have

land was founded from a similar religious enthusiasm the colonies of the Jesuit Fathers, farther reaching and with larger opportunities of development. The one honored the family and strengthened the family ties, and a noble civilization was developed — the backbone of our present American civilization. The other, committed to a life of asceticism which discouraged matrimony, with its teachers, both men and women, under vows of celibacy, placed little honor upon the family relation, and in the midst of splendid opportunities withered and died. And it deserved to die, for it was founded upon a wrong conception of man's relation to this life.

There was, however, one redeeming feature to Benedict's life and work. When he established the dozen or so cloisters on the Anio, he laid down two principles for the rule of the order — labor and obedience. The latter made machines of men, but the former developed individuality. Up to his time, labor did not enter into the life of the monk, or hermit, and the old adage was true, "Satan finds some mischief for idle hands to do." Benedict conferred a great blessing upon the life of the recluse, bringing to the front the higher virtues. At the same time he had dwarfed conceptions of Christianity. Christ himself was anything but a recluse, and to be most like Christ is not to shut one's self up in a cloister to pray for the world, but to go about doing good. "I pray," said the Master, "not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Loving contact with

which so many are praying, may be dependent, in large measure, upon the stimulus and knowledge to be derived from some such course of study as is partially described above.

14 Weld Ave., Roxbury.

"HONESTY THE BEST POLICY"

A Story from Real Life

REV. FRANK W. LUCE, D. D.

A FEW months ago, going to fill a lecture engagement in a Western town, I was placed for entertainment at a comfortable and homelike little hotel. While waiting for supper, and at the same time writing some letters, my attention was attracted to a conversation among several traveling men. One of them had found a pocket-book lying in the seat of a railway coach on his way to the place, had made careful search for the owner, found him, and delivered the purse which contained \$180 in currency. He had received the hearty thanks of the owner, and the matter was a topic of conversation among these bright commercial men.

Beside the transient men a local hack-driver was in the room. He was one of that type altogether too numerous who have a genius for talking very much and saying but very little. He expressed it as his opinion that the traveling man was a "fool" for taking any pains to find the owner of the purse. Did he suppose, if that stranger had found his pocket-book, that he would have hunted for the owner? "Not much he wouldn't! Talk all you please, this is a dishonest world. The only way a man can hold his own is by looking out for number one. And I am number one. 'Get all you can in any way you can so you keep within the law,' is my motto. And that's about the way everybody does. All this talk about honesty being the best policy and about doing to others as you would have them do to you, is all right for goody-goody Sunday-school talk, but in practical life it will not work."

He paused to light a clay pipe, then threw his feet upon a table, pushed his broad-brimmed slouch hat back from his forehead, and proceeded: "Yes, sir; I believe if the working people would arouse themselves and look out for 'number one,' they would not need to slave their lives away for the rich. The fact is, we are too honest. If I had not been so honest, I would not be driving a hack now. But you bet your life if I find a pocket-book with one hundred and eighty dollars in it, I will keep mighty mum about it."

"Well," said the man who had found the purse, "all I have to say to you is, if you would do a thing like that, you would rob me on the highway, break into my house to secure my property, or do any other criminal act which you saw to your advantage if you were not too much of a coward. And as to honesty being the best policy in business, a man cannot do a successful business one year with another without practicing honesty, no matter what his ideas of morals may be."

Several men assented to this sentiment. I noticed one man, perhaps the eldest of the company. His hair, which was half

gray, fringed a thoughtful, intelligent brow, beneath which were kindly eyes. He dropped his paper, and like myself was listening to the conversation.

The talkative hack-driver renewed his chatter. He attacked the rich again, and with as much accuracy as could be expected quoted, or attempted to quote, from the Scriptures. He said: "Does not the Bible say, 'Blessed are the poor, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven'?"

"No," said the man who had not hitherto spoken, "it does not. It says, 'Blessed are the poor in spirit.' And if all the virtue you have is your poverty, you are hanging your hopes of heaven on a very uncertain thread. And, my friend, when you say that dishonesty is a successful business policy, you are talking of something upon which you are not posted."

The company of a half-dozen men turned their attention to the speaker, and it was evident that he was well known to them, and that he was highly respected. "Now, boys," said he, "I have a little experience I want to tell you which has been suggested by the conversation to which we have just listened."

The "boys" threw their cigars away, the hack-driver filled his pipe again, and all gave attention to the brief story, which was substantially as follows:

"I was a poor boy. My father died when I was very young. My mother, a devoted Christian woman, taught me the principles of Christianity. When I was but sixteen years of age she died, and our family was scattered. I started out to see the world. I had no stated occupation. I fell in with bad company. While I never committed any serious crime, I formed bad habits. During the 'hard times' of 1876 and 1877 I found myself out of money and out of employment, and went to 'tramping.' I went from the State of Indiana across the continent to California. I saw hard times. Many times I slept out of doors on cold nights and was often hungry. I honestly and diligently sought work, but could not find it. It was when I was in this condition that I found myself one morning, after having beaten my way on a freight train for some distance, put off at a little country village in the middle West. I was in tattered clothing, had no friends, no money, and no work, and had not had a mouthful to eat for more than twenty-four hours. I had frequently asked, but no one gave me, and I could not blame them, for I know the most of those who tramp are vagabonds and ought not to be encouraged. I was walking about aimlessly, wishing that I could die — and had it not been for the fear of entering eternity, I should have taken my own life — when I saw a cattle-driver loading some cattle into cars. I went to ask him for work, but he did not need me. I saw in his hip-pocket a red leather pocket-book. After he had gone, I saw it lying on the ground where it had fallen from his pocket. I knew it was his, though I did not see it fall. No one saw me pick it up. I went into the shed and counted the money. There were over two hundred dollars in it. My first thought was, 'Now I will not be hungry for a while.' Then my mother's teachings came before me. I fought a battle with my own conscience which I shall never

forget. I argued, 'I am a tramp, nobody cares for me. The man would not give me work, and I am hungry. This man is a rich man, and he will not feel the loss, while I am now famishing with hunger.' But my conscience would shout, 'It is wrong. It is dishonest. The money is not yours. Remember, God sees you.' My mother's words rang in my soul: 'Always remember, my son, that honesty is best.' With one last struggle I determined, no matter what might be the result, that I would return the man his money. I did so. He asked me how much I thought I ought to have for finding and returning it. I made no price but my breakfast, which he caused to be served to me at a near-by hotel. He asked if I wanted work, and I was employed by him to go to his farm. To be brief, 'I worked for him four years, when he made me his business manager. I married his eldest daughter, a noble Christian woman who has been the stay of my life and the light of my home, which is a happy one, and who led me to Christ and into the church; and when her father died he made me the administrator of his large estate. I have been prospered as well as most men. My friend, I know what I am talking about. 'Honesty is the best policy.'"

"Supper," called the good-natured landlord, and we went to the dining-hall, while the hack-driver, seemingly thoughtful, went to "meet a train."

Cedar Falls, Iowa.

The Force of Habit

HOW easy it is to tear a piece of paper along the line in which it has originally been folded! How easy it is for a second temptation to overcome when the first has been yielded to! A sin that has once gained the victory over our moral nature has put a fold, as it were, in that nature, and destroyed its straightness and smoothness, so that when the same temptation comes a second time it seeks the weak point which it had formerly made, and along that line of least resistance we are turned from our righteous principles and strong resolutions. — *Hugh Macmillan.*

The President and His Children

A STORY is being told in Washington of a trifling event in the White House which well illustrates the sympathy which exists between the President and his children. One day there occurred, immediately over the President's reception-room, a series of noises which made it almost impossible for Mr. Roosevelt to hear what his visitors tried to say to him. Mr. Cortelyou volunteered to go and find out what was the occasion of the disturbance, but his chief replied: "No, Cortelyou, it is only the children." Finally the noise became unbearable, and, excusing himself, the President rushed upstairs to the attic where the children were at play. He did not return for over an hour, and when he did his hands were dirty and his collar awry. "The children were having serious trouble trying to construct a tent which would not stay up," he explained, "and I had to stay and help them fix it. I don't think it will come down now, and we will not be bothered any more." The fact that several senators and a diplomat had been kept waiting while he assisted in his children's game never seemed to impress the President.

THE FAMILY

THE MESSAGE

JENNIE ELISABETH GATES.

Just a jar of earth and a little flower —
Yet it brightened many a lonely hour
For a weary heart and a throbbing brain,
Struggling day by day with its load of pain.
Each day it voiced the same message true:
"Weary one! weary one! Let me speak to you.
Where now you see bloom there would be but death
Were my tendrils not hid in this bed of earth."

And the heart replied to the little flower:
"Do you mean to tell me that, hour by hour,
I must fasten the tendrils of my soul
Down deep where the rich life-currents roll
From the heart of God? Do you mean to say
That I may extract from His life each day
That which will grow and bud and flower,
And give cheer and comfort in some hour
Where some other soul like mine hath need?
If so, then thy message is rich indeed."

Troy, N. Y.

Thoughts for the Thoughtful

"I do not see Thee, God!"
A soul made plaint;
"O for an angel hand to tear the veil apart!
Hide not from me Thy face — I strive, I faint!" ...
The silence whispered,
"Art thou pure in heart?"
— MARTHA GILBERT DICKINSON, in *Outlook*.

Our object in life should not be so much to get through a great deal of work, as to give perfect satisfaction to Him for whom we are doing the work. — W. H. M. H. Aitkin.

The way to rise above the disappointment is to fix our eyes not on others or our own failures, but on the mark, and press toward that. — Rev. H. W. Foote.

Do not use abundance of words — without any meaning. Say not the same thing over and over again; think not the fruit of your prayers depends on the length of them. — John Wesley.

She is not sent away, but only sent before; like unto a star, which, going out of our sight, doth not die and vanish, but shineth in another hemisphere; ye see her not, yet she doth shine in another country. — Samuel Rutherford.

What if we are coming daily nearer to Marah's brink? "The Lord will sweeten the waters before we stoop to drink." And as certainly as the desert has its bitter springs, so surely do Elim's palms and fountains lie beyond. Look forward to the encampment there, when Marah shall be past. — Julia H. Johnston.

All work now done in fellowship with God tends to become either too heavy to be tackled successfully, or too trivial to call out our best energies, and in either case to become a grind or a plod. But if He is our strength, nothing will be too formidable to undertake, nor too small to be worth effort. Nothing will be unwelcome; the rough places will be made plain and

the crooked things straight, and we shall run and not be weary when there come moments requiring special energy, and "walk and not faint" through the else tedious hours of commonplace duty. — Alexander Maclaren, D. D.

In Religion, it always seems to me that while one simple, central line of truth is so plain that peer, ploughman, philosopher, child, may all see it and walk in it, all but that one way is sheer morass, and argument is like trying to fill up a morass, or to pick one's way across a bit of it. It gives at every point. — James Smetham.

For each dreamer, of all the young pilgrims across the world of time, there waits the angel-ladder. Beside each one of us the bush in the desert burns with fire. The difference between those who see and do not see these things lies in their devotion or disobedience to truth, so far as they know it. — Rev. F. B. Meyer.

"The time of the singing of birds is come" — the time when Nature calls aloud to us and bids us awaken out of the deadness of personal grief, and rejoice in the new manifestation of His beauty that God is making to the world. "Behold, I am alive forevermore, and the dead live to Me." Is not this the secret saying which the new verdure is writing all over the hills, and which the young pattering leaves and singing-birds are repeating in music? It must be well to have ears to hear and a heart that can respond with a little flutter of returning joy and thankfulness. — Annie Keary.

A man has bought a farm, and he finds on that farm an old pump. He goes to the pump and begins to pump. And a person comes to him and says, "Look here, my friend, you do not want to use that water. The man that lived here before, he used that water, and it poisoned him and his wife and his children — the water did." "Is that so?" says the man. "Well, I will soon make that right. I will find a remedy." And he goes and gets some paint, and he paints up the pump putties up all the holes, and fills up the cracks in it, and has got a fine-looking pump. And he says, "Now I am sure it is all right." You would say, "What a fool, to go and paint the pump when the water is bad!" But that is what the sinners are up to. They are trying to paint up the old pump when the water is bad. It was a new well he wanted. When he dug a new well it was all right. *Make the fountain good, and the stream will be good.* Instead of painting the pump and making new resolutions, stop it, and ask God to give you a new heart. — D. L. Moody.

Touch the sensitive plant, never so gently, and at once the leaves fold themselves together, each one helping to shelter all the rest from harm. So if any trouble comes to you, believer, Christ's sympathy hides you away in the shelter of His bosom. Titian, the Roman Emperor, rent his garments that he might stanch the wounds of his soldiers; but Christ rends His flesh that He may heal ours. He pours His sympathy into our tempest-tossed souls, calming them as His word, "Peace, be still," quieted the stormy Galilean lake. Believe it, and open your hearts that He may enter. Do not attempt to carry your trouble alone. Do not brood over it, and nurse it, dwelling continually in the tombs; but permit Jesus to overlay it with the palm of His compassion, and to let fall upon it the light of the approaching heaven. — ROBERT F.

SAMPLE, D. D., in "Christ's Valedictory."

Next to Happiness I place Vision as one of the most desirable of earthly blessings. By vision I mean ability to detect the real meaning of life, the power to see that behind the processes of nature, and the movements of history, are intelligence and love — that God is in His world. Some walk through forests glorious in color, rich in beauty, tremulous with perfume and thrilling with vitality, and think only of the amount of timber they contain; others look upon the rushing waters of a mighty river and think only of the power wasted there which might be utilized to run machinery; still others mingle with their fellows and think only how they may be used for selfish purposes. But some, with clearer sight, walk in the same forests and hear a various music thrilling and throbbing with an indwelling God; they see divine power and providence in the water-courses, while to their thought every man is a revelation of the Father of all. To one this world is simply a place to live in, and his fellow-men mere tools to be used; to the other this universe is aflame with the Deity and every man potentially divine. The first observers were blind; the second have vision — and those who have vision are most frequently those who by living with open minds and loving hearts have come to see what earlier was hidden from them. The wine of Vision is usually provided toward the close of the feast of life. — Amory H. Bradford, D. D.

The stately organ-pipes, o'erlaid with gold,
Look down on reverent worshipers, while floats
Aloft the sweet-toned prelude, and the notes
Of the grand psalm through nave and arch are rolled.
Within, concealed where none may them behold,
Vibrate the delicate and birdlike throats
Of reeds, which no bright paint nor gilding
coats,
Yet theirs the tones most sweet and manifold.

Where Time's great organ stands in spaces dim,
God sets some lives to shine and some to hide.
But in the darkened chamber where they bide
The hidden reeds breathe sweetest praise to Him —
Ay, tenderest lyrics for the sorrow-ried,
And rapture like the joy of seraphim.

— JAMES BUCKHAM, in *S. S. Times*.

MISS PHILENA McCLURE

MINNA STANWOOD.

CAN'T you see her? Tall, thin, sharp of elbow, of cheek bone, of chin — especially of chin; her hair drab, and parted, and drawn back to a hard, sharp-pointed knot. On Sundays she wore black silk made with a full round skirt, and black cashmere to prayer-meeting made with a full round skirt, and to class-meeting black alpaca made with a full round skirt. What did she wear to sociables? She never went to sociables, nor to missionary meetings, nor to temperance meetings, nor to lectures, nor to concerts.

She was Miss Philena McClure, who could pay her cool five hundred a year into the church at Sangerville, and did, and that was the reason the trustees and the stewards looked at one another in dismay when she announced that she would not help support a young man on the Sangerville charge.

"The young people wanted a young man? Then let the young people pay the young man."

"But, Sister McClure" — Brother Hempstead coughed softly, not because he needed to cough, but because Miss Philena McClure had often been good enough to express concern about his cough, and to

recommend balsams. Brother Hempstead had never been honest enough to confess that he coughed from nervous habit. He was glad to have some common ground on which to meet Sister McClure. He was the only member of the board who could meet her on any ground. "But, Sister McClure, Brother Preston is appointed, and I am told that he is a very worthy young man, with a fine record behind him. He has, I understand, a charming and capable young wife. And there were some" — Brother Hempstead coughed painstakingly — "and there were some young people that Brother Wilcox did not reach. Our dear Brother Wilcox had been here five years, you know, Sister McClure, and he was turned of seventy, and felt the need of a — a — a — less exacting charge."

Although Brother Hempstead coughed portentously, Sister McClure was not touched. She even showed impatience while waiting for him to stop.

"It makes me sick, all this talk about reaching the young people!" Miss Philena McClure descended to vulgar speech in her disappointment. "The young people don't want to be reached, and then they lay it on the minister. Brother Wilcox reached me, and he edified me, and he wanted to stay here, and his wife wanted to stay here, and they might have ended their days here. 'Turned of seventy' — what of that?"

Miss Philena faced Brother Hempstead fiercely, and he made haste to retreat behind his cough. Baffled here, she gazed angrily at the eleven men and women who sat around her, heads down, like so many culprit school-children.

"Why wasn't I consulted about the committee that went to Conference?" she demanded. "Why wasn't I on the committee? I could have gone up there and had my say as well as any one. I guess the elders and the Bishop would have found out that there was some spunk in Sangerville if I'd been there!"

There was a ripple of appreciation now, not seen nor heard, but felt, and Miss McClure recognized the intangible thing with a scornful smile. Then she threw her bomb calmly, deliberately:

"Brother Norris probably knows I haven't pledged for the coming year."

It was a different agitation that stirred them now. The collector looked appealing. "I — I — don't remember to have seen your name on a card, Sister McClure, but I — I took the liberty to — to put your name down for the usual amount. I — I — supposed it was an oversight on your part."

Brother Norris' words had ample time to pass into the circulation of everybody present, before Sister McClure responded, politely: "I am never guilty of oversight in money matters, Brother Norris, so you may have the liberty to take my name off again. I have been connected with this church forty-two years, and I have turned in my pledge-card every year since the system was adopted. When I fail to do so, it is not an oversight."

The brethren who had reckoned confidently upon adroit young Rev. Mr. Preston getting into Sister McClure's good graces, simply did not know Miss Philena McClure. He could not get into her good graces because he could not see her. She

came to church no more, and when he called at the spick-span brick house, the spick-span maid told him shortly, "Miss McClure ain't to home," and shut the door in his face.

The brethren began to get uneasy. They looked at that seat four from the front, middle aisle, empty now, conspicuously so. They added up the expenses for the year minus five hundred dollars and wondered if the Ladies' Aid Society could "make it up." But the ladies had been refurbishing the parsonage, and you can't expect everything of them.

It was getting close to the dull season, namely summer, and the brethren were more uneasy. Of course they could not blame Brother Preston. He hadn't asked to come, that they knew of. He had been sent of the Lord — the elder said so. Still, a minister who doesn't adjust everything and everybody in three months must be a negative success, even if Christian forbearance hesitates to pronounce him a positive failure. And the brethren did hesitate. They liked Brother Preston. They liked his sermons; there was juice in them. They liked Sister Preston. Moreover, they wanted to be just men as well as Christian brethren. So they went round in a state which they called Suspended Judgment. And Suspended Judgment got into their class-meeting experiences, and into the testimonies in prayer-meeting, and into their palms when they went to shake hands with Brother Preston and Sister Preston. Suspended Judgment got to be a cumbersome thing to carry, and might have presently needed a new name, had it not been — but that's the story.

Leafy June, perfect June, the month the poets love to praise, the month of brides and frolics, was just about to melt away in a torrid breath. A heat as of mid-July had sent everybody's window up and everybody's door open — wide.

A dainty little lady in white muslin, with a white parasol over her head, sauntering slowly under the shady elms on High Street, saw the roses, glowing red, clambering riotously over the old-fashioned trellis which framed the door of the smug brick house she was passing. The door of the house stood invitingly open.

The dainty little lady strolled into the gravel path cut through the bright green sward, stepped upon the granite doorstep, and gently tinkled the bell. While she waited, she pulled for herself one of the glowing roses and put it in her breast.

There were footsteps to be heard now. The dainty little lady in white stepped upon the mat inside the door, and smiled her order to the white-aproned maid: "Tell Miss McClure I would like to see her, please."

Unmindful of the gaping maid, the little lady walked into the open door at her right.

"What name, Mum?"

The challenge did not so much as cause the lady in white to turn her head. "Oh, just say a friend, that's all," she called back, as she placed her fluffy parasol on the table, and began to pull off her white gloves.

Before the eyes of the mouth-open girl the little lady glanced nonchalantly into a book on the centre table, took it, and seated herself on the big hair-cloth easy-chair, and looked around. The maid had

gone. Then this most indifferent, dainty little lady did a most surprising thing. She pressed one hand close upon her left side and let a tremulous breath come slowly.

Upstairs, Miss Philena McClure, comfortably disposed for her afternoon nap, received the information that a lady was down in the parlor — a lady who did not give her name, but said she was a friend. And Miss Philena McClure, all but in the bonds of sleep, stared stupidly at her maid, demanding if it was this one, or that one, or the other. But all her questions elicited only the unvarying response that it was a lady who said she was a friend.

It was fully half an hour before Miss Philena McClure, slow of motion because of the sleep she almost had, began descending the stairs. When she could see into the parlor, she leaned over the banister and looked. There was something white in the easy-chair. A little farther down she could see a slender form and a golden head. On the lowest step she saw the full figure. The caller was leaning with her golden head pressed against the high back of the chair, fast asleep, with the red rose on her breast.

And Miss Philena McClure, lately returned from the borderland of dreams, stepped hastily inside the parlor door, and cried out sharply, in frightened tone: "Fannie!"

The sleeper sat up. Her big, brown-lashed, blue eyes fixed themselves in startled unrecognition upon the imposing black figure in the doorway. This was only for an instant. Then the little lady smiled and spoke sweetly: "I was sound asleep. I'm ashamed to death of myself. But I thought somebody called 'Fannie.'"

"I called 'Fannie,'" came from Miss McClure, immovable in the doorway.

"How did you know my name?" demanded the little lady.

"You look like Fannie," was the amazing reply.

Miss McClure walked up close to the easy-chair and looked the little lady over sharply. "You look so much like Fannie that you nearly made my heart stand still. The last time I saw her she was in her coffin, over there in the window, dressed in white with one of those roses on her breast."

"Who was Fannie?" The question came softly. It was scarce more than an audible breath.

Miss Philena McClure looked away. Her face was of a drab color, and the muscles of her mouth twitched piteously. At last she said, steadily: "She was my little sister. It was thirty years ago to-day she was buried. I was thinking about her today. I — I — loved her better than anything on earth. I took her from my step-mother's arms when she was a bit of a baby, and I brought her up, and I made the white dress that she was to have been married in. She died instead."

There was that in the quiet narrative of the self-contained woman which forbade expression. The one woman sat silent, the other stood at the window looking with unseeing eyes through the lace curtain.

At last the little lady arose and went

over to that tall, lonely figure in the window. She laid a hand on Miss McClure's arm, and said, gently: "We have a little Fannie at home. I wish you could come and see her. I think you would love her. My name is Fannie Preston."

The tall woman looked down. Little Mrs. Preston wondered how anybody could have called Miss McClure hard. In this face there was only sadness—the ineffable sadness of long, lonely, repressed years.

"I know who you are." The voice was sharp, but not unkind. "I've said I'd never set foot in that parsonage or in that church after Brother Wilcox left them." She looked at the golden head, at the glowing rose on the white breast, then into the frank, sympathizing eyes of the little lady. "But that was a foolish, unchristian thing to say, and I'm sorry I said it. If the baby looks like you, I'd like to come and see her."

Passersby stared at Miss Philena McClure cutting her freshest roses for Mrs. Preston, and before night the news was all over town. Therefore nobody was surprised that on Sunday the seat, four from the front, middle aisle, was occupied; and it was a triumph of self-control which kept Brother Norris from shouting as he bore the plate containing Sister McClure's pledge-card down the aisle.

And Sister Preston bore her honors meekly, as it behooved her to, in view of the fact that Brother Hempstead was heard to declare, with an ignominious cough, that he knew "Sister McClure was too sensible a woman to act that way long."

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

TIDINESS

IN days gone by, before the new woman appeared upon the scene of action, girls were rigidly taught the good old-fashioned way of tidiness. "Neatness" hardly expresses my meaning as well as does the quaint old-time word. To be "tidy," Webster tells us, "is to be arranged in good order; neat; kept in proper and becoming neatness." Nowadays girls are neat to a certain extent and in a certain way. They bathe freely and wear clean clothes; but are they tidy? Frequently they are not. The hair is often loose and prone to tumble down, and their gloves are sometimes ripped at the fingertips, and one or two buttons are lacking from their boots. The stock collar is often fastened on with an ordinary white pin that is very obvious, and the veil has occasionally a hole over the nose or chin. Our girl is charming; but is she as careful as she ought to be?

The other day, I was making a morning call at a friend's house, and there met another caller, a woman who made an agreeable impression upon me. She was not elaborately dressed, but her tailor-made gown fitted her well, and there was not a spot or speck of dust on it. I knew that it had been brushed carefully before she had left her room. Her linen collar and cuffs were snow white, and did not twist or shift from their proper place. Her gloves did not wrinkle, but buttoned smoothly over the wrists; her shoes were like the rest of her attire—dainty; and her bonnet rested firmly and straight on soft brown hair, that, while wavy and fluffy, was neatly dressed, and so securely pinned that I fancy a high wind would not have caused it to come down. In speaking of this

woman afterwards to a man who knows her, I said:

"There is something about her appearance that charms me. What is the secret?"

"I will tell you," he said. "She is a well-groomed woman. There are never any rough or loose ends about her."

"You mean that she is tidy," I said to him.

"You call it 'tidy'; I say 'well groomed.' We both mean the same thing."

However one may express it—in sporting terms or with the old-fashioned word—is the condition not well worth striving for?—*Harper's Bazar*.

WILD CHERRY BLOSSOMS

When bluebirds bring first news of flowers
Across the foaming sea,
And robins pipe at windy dusk
Their homesick melody,
And all the wild brooks dare to sing
Is just a trembling hope of spring;

When black woods harbor last year's
nests

And all the fields are gray;
When night mists blind the April moon,
And daze the pallid day;
When, flecked with frost, the alders hang,
And winds still keep the winter's tang;

On some chill morning dim with clouds,
Along the homestead lane,
The cherry trees in wreaths of white,
Stand radiant in the rain;
And sweeter all the wandering air
With fragrance from the petals fair.

But yesterday not one small leaf
Their shivering branches wore,
Though the insistent song birds still
Told spring's name o'er and o'er,
Till but the hope of her bright hours
Thrilled their cold branches into flowers.

So in life's dark and wintry ways
Of bloom and beauty bare,
May our souls thrilled by hope's clear
voice

Flower into fragrance fair,
While sweet expectancy of light
Makes radiance of the darkest night.

—SUSAN HARTLEY SWETT, in *Wellspring*.

THREE VISITORS

THERE are three ladies on the calling committee in a certain church. They are Miss Sympathize Withem, Miss Cheerem Upp, and Miss Sen Sible.

Now it chanced that Miss Bessie Nervous was ill, and all three members of the calling committee called upon her in one week.

When Miss Sympathize Withem went to call, she said, "I will pity her."

"How do you do, Miss Bessie?" she asked.

"I am not feeling as well," replied Bessie.

"I am so sorry," said Miss Sympathize Withem, solemnly. "You are looking real bad, much worse than when I saw you last. This warm weather is hard on you, and it will keep on growing warmer for the next two months. It is too bad for you to have to lie here week in and week out, as I fear that you will be obliged to do. I do pity you so. There have been several deaths in town from the same trouble that you have. I am afraid that you are worse off than your friends think. I am so sorry that you are so much worse."

"I just know that I will die," wailed Bessie after Miss Sympathize Withem left. "I know I will, I know I will."

"Um," said the doctor when he called. "Fever two degrees higher than it was this morning."

"I will not talk as Miss Sympathize Withem does," thought Miss Cheerem Upp when she called the next day. "I will comfort and encourage her. How do you do, Miss Bessie?"

"I am not feeling as well," replied Bessie.

"Why, you are looking real well," said Miss Cheerem Upp, smiling. "Ever so much better than when I saw you last. This warm weather is good for you. You will soon be up now. I shall expect to see you over to our house before very long. I am real glad to see you looking so well. All that you need is to keep up good courage. Good-by. I am real glad to have found you so well."

"I believe that she thinks I am just pretending to be sick, and that there is nothing the matter with me, the heartless thing!" sobbed Bessie. "I hope no one will ever call on me again."

"Um," said the doctor, looking grave. "Fever up again today. This begins to look serious."

"I will try to give her something to think about," said Miss Sen Sible when she called the next day.

"I am sorry," she said in reply to Bessie's "I am not feeling so well." "I brought you some flowers to look at. I came across a bright little article this morning about 'Truant April.' I brought it over to read to you. Good-by; I hope that you will be feeling better the next time I come."

"I am so glad that Miss Sen Sible called," said Bessie. "I wish that she would call often. She never once spoke about my looks," she added with a sigh of relief.

"I haven't seen Miss Bessie looking so well for a week," thought the doctor when he called. "All the symptoms are favorable."

Since it happened that these three members of the calling committee called at the same place during one week, it is now thought best to designate the places where each shall call. It seems advisable that in future Miss Sen Sible should do all the calling on the Nervous family, while Miss Sympathize Withem and Miss Cheerem Upp confine their calling to the families of Mr. Iron Nerves and Mr. Nothing Effectsum across the street. — LILLIAN I. GREENE, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Gift of Helpfulness

ONE of the surprising facts of which most of us at one time or another become aware is that you cannot help others in any real and vital way by simply setting about doing so, but that the power of helping others is either a superlative gift or the fine product of a taxing novitiate of discipline and suffering. Of course, any one can give another money. A fool can fling it away upon the poor in handbills. But even to give money wisely and helpfully demands a certain insight and sympathy and capacity of taking another's point of view that do not come by any exercise of volition. Does it not look easy to fill the place of such a woman as Rebecca Salome Foster, the "Tombs Angel," who lost her life in the Park Avenue Hotel fire? But it may be twenty years before her place is filled, and perhaps it never will be. You cannot command her womanly power of touching just the right chord, and her sovereign capacity for helping the miserable, the dissolute, and the disgraced. If God has given you the power to make another's eye brighten at the coming of your feet; if truth seems more potent at the accents of your voice; if your sympathy and imagination make celestial ministries more credible, then you have a gift that is choicer than that of music, or art, or eloquence; the gift to be coveted and prayed for above all others—the gift of helpfulness. — *Watchman*.

BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CALIFORNIA POPPY

HOPE DARING.

"A bit of sunshine, did you call me? Thank you, ma'am," and California Poppy ducked her golden head in a funny little bow. "It's very kind in you to admire my coloring. I try to be bright and sunshiny, but it's not easy when I am sick with longing for my own sunny home."

"Eh!" and Scarlet Dahlia leaned a little nearer. "What is that you said about your own home?"

It was a moment before the Poppy replied. Over the flower garden the August sunshine fell brightly. The birds were taking their midday rest, so there was no sound save the sweet voices of the flower folk — a melody too delicate to be readily understood by the human ear.

"My name tells of my home," and the Poppy's voice was not quite steady. "It is the land of gold, oranges, and sunshine — California."

"But are you a genuine poppy?" Scarlet Dahlia asked, almost forgetting to be polite. "Are you related to them?" nodding in the direction of a bed of red and white poppies.

"I am a cousin. Our coloring is different, and my stem is smooth instead of hairy like theirs. Some people call me a poppywort, but my real name is *Eschscholtzia Californica*."

Scarlet Dahlia was shaken with a quivering sigh, the flower's way of drawing a long breath.

"I'm glad you do not have to use that name for every day, Poppy, dear. Tell me more about yourself."

California Poppy leaned her shallow, cup-shaped blossom nearer Dahlia. The centre of the flower was orange, and the petals a bright yellow.

"As I said, my home is in California. We grow wild there, being found in blossom in almost every season of the year. Twice a year we blossom in great abundance, and the hillsides are covered with our flowers. This blossom of ours has been chosen the State flower of California."

"Indeed! That is an honor."

"Yes, but it has excited the curiosity of people living at a distance. Quantities of our seeds are shipped, and that is how I come to be in exile. However, there is a charming tale connecting me with early Californian history. Would you care to hear it?"

"I will be delighted to do so!"

"The story goes far, far back into the past. Centuries ago, when Spanish ships were cruising up and down the coast of my native State, the sailors saw, from the decks of their ships, the hillsides covered with poppies. That part of the story is certainly true, for still mariners look from their boats and, seeing the hillsides clothed with our orange-yellow blossoms, murmur as did the Spaniards, 'the Land of Flames!'"

"Did not the Spaniards go on shore to gather your flowers?"

"They landed, but for another purpose. One of their number pointed to the hillside, and cried; 'See the altar cloth of our church! At the church it is small; here

it covers a hillside.' So the simple mariners rowed to the shore and bowed in worship before the flower-covered height as before an altar."

"Ah! that is a pretty story. It shows that the handiwork of God leads men's thoughts to Him. Was it these same Spaniards who gave you your name? I will not try to pronounce it."

California Poppy laughed, and it was the sweetest echo of music you ever heard.

"My name is German instead of Span-



CALIFORNIA POPPY

ish. I received it less than a hundred years ago. Two noted German scholars were traveling through this country. One of them classified me — that is, decided to what plant family I belonged. He named me in honor of his friend, Dr. J. E. von Eschscholtz."

Hastings, Mich.

Stingy Jimmy

JIMMY was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a penny, nor a bite of an apple nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he said, "p'raps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself?"

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your hoop to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it." The hoop was sent off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as I did when I had the hoop. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother; "but if you should keep on giving something away, you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite so well as before. He gave away his sixpence that, he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving away things, it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny ran up the street bowling the hoop, looking proud as a prince and asking all the boys to take a turn.

Jimmy began to smile as he watched him and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he does n't seem to have one. I think — I guess — I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my hoop. I'll give away something else."

And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since. — *Selected.*

The California Poppy

The golden poppy is God's gold,
The gold that lifts, nor weighs us down,
The gold that knows no miser's hold,
The gold that banks not in the town,
But singing, laughing, freely spills
Its hoard far up the happy hills;
Far up, far down, on every turn,
What beggar has not gold to burn!

— JOAQUIN MILLER, in *Out West.*

KATIE'S SATURDAY

"DEAR me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said mamma, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mamma, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have breakfast first," mamma answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and, as perhaps you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mamma was sitting at the desk, with a piece of paper and a pencil in front of her.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of those things that trouble you. One thousand will do!"

"O mamma, you're laughing at me now," said Katie, "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mamma; "put down ten." So Katie wrote:

"1. It's gone and rained, so we can't go out to play."

"2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday."

"3. —"

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said the mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mamma, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said: "Oh, mamma, I didn't like Jean at all at first, but she's a lovely seat-mate. I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mamma said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

"I guess I'll tear up the paper now, mamma, dear," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mamma, "why not let the troubles alone until they are a certainty? There are many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you only wait to see. By waiting, you see, you can save the trouble of crying and worrying at all."

— *Sunlight.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, D. D., U. S. N.

Second Quarter Lesson VIII

SUNDAY, MAY 25, 1902

ACTS 13: 43-52.

PAUL AT ANTIOCH IN PISIDIA

I Preliminary

1. **GOLDEN TEXT:** *Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.*—Acts 13: 38.

2. **DATE:** A. D. 46 or 47; summer.

3. **PLACE:** Antioch in Pisidia, Asia Minor.

4. **CONNECTION:** From Paphos the apostles sailed to the mainland of Asia Minor, reaching Perga, the seaport of Pamphylia. It was the sickly season, and they did not tarry long. Prof. Ramsay conjectures that their departure was hastened by Paul's illness. Mark did not accompany them in their journey to the highlands of Pisidia, but returned to Jerusalem. Their journey was not without danger—there were perils from sudden mountain torrents, and from attacks of "the wildest banditti in the world"—but they reached Antioch safely. Following their Master's example, they went to the synagogue on the Sabbath and accepted the invitation of the rulers to speak "a word of exhortation to the people." The sermon of Paul on this occasion is the first of his efforts that have been recorded. He sketched the early Jewish history, in Egypt, in the wilderness, in Canaan, through the days of the judges, and on to the days of David. Of David's seed God had, according to promise, raised up a Saviour. To Him the Baptist had borne testimony. The rulers, it is true, had put Him to death, thereby fulfilling Scripture, but God had raised Him from the dead—a fact confirmed by many witnesses. And the resurrection was no new thing; it, too, had been predicted. It was the highest fulfilment of that well-known Psalm in which God had addressed David as His son. And there were two special passages which he would cite—one in Isaiah where the prophet had promised to all God's children "the sure mercies of David;" the other in the 16th Psalm, in which the confident hope was expressed by the writer that God would not leave his soul in hell nor suffer His Holy One to see corruption. These words could not be restricted to David. David had died and had yielded to corruption, but it was He of the Seed of David whom God had raised up, to whom alone these words could refer; for it was true only of Him that His soul had not been left in the unseen world and His flesh had not seen corruption. It was He whom they came to preach. Through Him remission of sins was offered, which certainly was not provided for by the Mosaic law; and even something better—justification to the believer "from all things from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses." A quotation from Habakkuk closed this discourse, "weighted with awful truths and startling testimony." It warned them not to disbelieve as their fathers had done, lest they likewise perish.

4. **HOME READINGS.** Monday—Acts 13: 14-25. Tuesday—Acts 13: 26-42. Wednesday—Acts 13: 43-52. Thursday—Acts 18: 1-11. Friday—Jer. 7: 21-28. Saturday—Zech. 7: 8-14. Sunday—Heb. 3: 1-13.

II Introductory

Paul's sermon at Antioch made so deep an impression that its repetition was called for, and some of the Jews and proselytes followed the apostles as they left the sanctuary and received encouragement to continue in the grace of God. "Almost the whole city" turned out the next Sabbath to hear the new teaching. But when the Jews perceived that their synagogue was thronged by the Gentile population, who were equally welcomed with themselves, when they "who prided themselves on legal righteousness heard sinners of the Gentiles invited to receive through simple faith in Christ a justifica-

tion which the Law could not give," their jealousy was aroused and they opposed Paul and "blasphemed" his doctrine. Perceiving the inveterate nature of this hostility, Paul boldly confronted them with the declaration that whereas he and Barnabas were in duty bound to make to them the first offer of the Gospel, seeing that they refused it and thereby judged themselves "unworthy of eternal life," only one course lay open: "Lo! we turn to the Gentiles." The latter received this announcement with demonstrations of gladness, and those who were disposed to accept eternal life were enrolled among the believers. The new converts spread the glad tidings throughout the region. But the Jews, enraged at this success, enlisted on their side some women of high rank who were proselytes to their faith and also the chief men of the city, and forcibly expelled the apostles from their boundaries. Shaking off the dust of their feet against them, as Jesus had commanded, the heroic missionaries went to Iconium, at the western limit of Lycaonia. But though their leaders were expelled, the infant church at Antioch was not discouraged: "The disciples were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost."

III Expository

43. When the congregation was broken up—R. V., "when the synagogue broke up;" after Paul's sermon. Many of the Jews, etc.—a pleasing picture of the sympathy felt for the apostles and their teachings. Religious proselytes (R. V., "devout proselytes")—worshippers of God rather than of idols. The word in the original means "one who arrives at a place, a stranger; thence, one who comes over to another faith" (M. R. Vincent). Persuaded them—R. V., "urged them." Grace of God—the Gospel with its provisions of salvation. Many of these had probably in their hearts accepted the Messiah whom Paul preached.

44, 45. The next Sabbath.—Paul and Barnabas did not spend in idleness this week in Antioch. They doubtless taught in private assemblies, or used other means to spread their doctrines. Almost the whole city—Jews, proselytes, pagans. Came together (R. V., "was gathered together").—The centre of the gathering was the synagogue, which was probably crowded; while large multitudes outside, forming a sort of overflow meeting, were, presumably, addressed by either Paul or Barnabas while the other was speaking inside. Filled with envy (R. V., "jealousy").—To see Gentiles and pagans thronging their place of worship and admitted, apparently, to equality of privileges with themselves, touched their Jewish pride and exclusiveness. Spake against—R. V., "contradicted." Blaspheming.—They not only took a hostile and spiteful attitude toward Paul, but they also vilified his doctrine, and probably spoke slanderously or sneeringly of the Messiah whom he proclaimed.

This was always the sin of the Jewish people. Instead of realizing their position in the world as the prophetic nation for the good of the whole earth, they indulged the self-exalting opinion that God's highest blessings were only for themselves (Conybeare and Howson).

46. Waxed bold—R. V., "spoke out boldly." Necessary... word of God... first spoken to you.—Jesus had so commanded (Acts 1: 8; Rom. 1: 16). But while the Jews had the first claim, they certainly were not to have the exclusive claim to the Gospel. Seeing ye put it from you (R. V.,

"seeing ye thrust it from you")—disdain to embrace it. Judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting (R. V., "eternal") life—as they did by their actions. Says Abbott: "Observe that as every soul by its memory keeps the record of its own life (Luke 16: 25), so every soul utters its own condemnation. We are daily judging ourselves unworthy of divine grace in every act of refusal to accept and rely upon it." Lo! we turn to the Gentiles—a memorable decision. The Jews have continued to refuse; the Gentiles have continued to accept.

47. So hath the Lord commanded.—Paul quotes Isa. 49: 6 to show that in turning to the heathen they were merely carrying out the plan of God as revealed in the Old Testament, to the effect that the Messiah would be the Messiah of the Gentiles as well as of the Jews, and that all nations would be called to share in the blessings of His kingdom. Salvation unto the ends of the earth—R. V., "salvation unto the uttermost part of the earth."

48, 49. Gentiles... were glad—a natural gladness, under the circumstances. Glorified the word—extolled a Gospel which embraced them in its plan and secured to them its benefits. Ordained to eternal life—words on which there has been a long and bitter controversy. Whedon renders, "disposed to eternal life," referring to the eager predisposition of these Gentiles. Plumptre comments: "The Greek word does not imply more than that they fell in with the divine order which the Jews rejected. They were as soldiers who take the place assigned to them in God's great army." Says Alford: "To find in this text preordination to eternal life asserted, is to force both the word and the context to a meaning which they do not contain." Abbott says: "There is certainly nothing in this passage to indicate that the divine disposing of the Gentiles to believe was an eternal or an irresistible decree; nothing more is indicated than an effectual work of grace, accepted by the Gentiles and therefore effectual." Word of the Lord was published (R. V., "spread abroad").—The converts carried it; and probably Paul and Barnabas tarried there some time.

50. Jews stirred up the devout and

Catarrh

The cause exists in the blood, in what causes inflammation of the mucous membrane.

It is therefore impossible to cure the disease by local applications.

It is positively dangerous to neglect it, because it always affects the stomach and deranges the general health, and is likely to develop into consumption.

Many have been radically and permanently cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses the blood and has a peculiar alterative and tonic effect. R. Long, California Junction, Iowa, writes: "I had catarrh three years, lost my appetite and could not sleep. My head pained me and I felt bad all over. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and now have a good appetite, sleep well, and have no symptoms of catarrh."

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Promises to cure and keeps the promise. It is better not to put off treatment—buy Hood's today.

honorable women (R. V., "Jews urged on the devout women of honorable estate").—The women were probably Jewish proselytes of some social rank, possibly the wives of "the chief men of the city," and therefore influential. Josephus says that at Damascus a majority of the married women were proselytes. Raised (R. V., "stirred up") a persecution—a tumult in which Paul, at least, endured sufferings which he remembered to the end of his life (2 Tim. 3:11). The apostles, however, were not legally banished from the city, for we find them returning to it (Acts 14:21) at a later period. Expelled them out of their coats—R. V., "cast them out of their borders."

51, 52. Shook off the dust of their feet—a solemn and striking symbol, indicating an abandonment on the part of the apostles of further efforts for the Jews, a consignment of them to the punishment of persistent unbelief. This act was commanded by our Lord (Matt. 10:14). Came to Iconium—about sixty miles southeast of Antioch, in Lycaonia. Filled with joy and the Holy Ghost.—The latter caused the former. Joy is a fruit of the Spirit.

IV Inferential

1. When, out of pride or prejudice, we reject the Word, we write our own condemnation—judge ourselves to be unworthy of eternal life.
2. Those who persistently refuse the message are finally abandoned.
3. Those who accept it rejoice and glorify the Word of God. The religion of Christ is a religion of joy.
4. The enemies of the Gospel cannot arrest the Gospel. Christ's kingdom must and will prevail.
5. The Gospel will find some in every place, no matter how forbidding, who will accept its teachings.
6. The Gospel divides men—compels every man to take an attitude for or against it.
7. The Gospel requires its witnesses to be ready to die if necessary, but not to die in its behalf unless necessary.

V Illustrative

1. The atmosphere is sometimes terrible with thunder, riven with lightning, and impregnated with pestilence; but it is chiefly a means of health, filled with beautiful sounds, fragrant with sweetest odors, hung with golden drapery, the pathway of sunbeams, the source of showers and dew, the parent of harvests and fountain of human life. So is the Gospel if we are in right relation to it; it is a savor of life unto life (Parker).

2. "Oh!" said Caesar, "we will soon root up this Christianity. Off with their heads!" The different governors hastened one after another of the disciples to death; but the more they persecuted them, the more they multiplied. The proconsuls had orders to destroy Christians; the more they hunted them, the more Christians there were, until, at last, men pressed to the judgment-seat, and asked to be permitted to die for Christ. They invented torments; they dragged saints at the heels of wild horses; they laid them upon red-hot gridirons; they pulled off the skin from their flesh piece by piece; they were sawn asunder; they were wrapped up in skins and daubed with pitch, and set in Nero's gardens at night to burn; they were left to rot in dungeons; they were made a spectacle to all men in the amphitheatre; the bears hugged them to death; the lions tore them to pieces; the wild bulls tossed them upon their horns; and yet Christianity spread. All the swords of the legionaries which had put to rout the

armies of all nations, and had overcome the invincible Gaul and the savage Briton, could not withstand the feebleness of Christianity; for the weakness of God is mightier than men (Spurgeon).

Look on the Sunny Side of Things

SHOULD some down-hearted friend suggest that to try to see the good in his lot is like trying to extract sunshine from cucumbers, remind him that sunshine is just what makes cucumbers, and that accordingly it can be extracted from them. Few may know how to do it, but the lack is not in the vegetable. There is sun force in all things. Connection is direct between the light that pours in at the window and that which shines in eyes and smiles in tones and manners and in thoughts. In all its transformations it is the heaven-force. "Glorify the room!" was Sidney Smith's way of ordering the curtains up, and the obedient glory brimmed his page with laughter punctuations. Dickens was another who wrote his stories with curtains up and sunshine streaming through the study. "Rejoice," was the old Greek's sunshine way of greeting a friend. "Laugh until I come back!" was Father Taylor's good-by to Dr. Bartol—parsons both. "How is the child?" called up another minister-father, forlornly, from the foot of the stairs, as he entered his home. "'Peak as 'oo do when 'oo're laughing!" came back the voice of the sick child in reply. It was the baby who preached the gospel that time. Carlyle, in his dyspepsia, looking up at the stars, could groan, "It's a sad sight!" But the little girl looked up at the same sight and said, "Mamma, if the wrong side of heaven is so fine, how very beautiful the right side must be!"

This habit of looking on the laughter side can be learned. Ask any person who has won his cheer the secret of his victory, and he will quite likely tell you a story of some dark day when he vowed that he would see sunshine. Lydia Maria Child, a woman well acquainted with trial, has left it on record: "I seek cheerfulness in every possible way; I read only chipper books; I hang prisms in my windows to fill the room with rainbows." . . . Remember Emerson's mud-puddle:

"But in the mud and scum of things
There alway, alway something sings."

Remember Luther on his sick-bed. Between his groans he managed to preach on this wise: "These pains and troubles here are like the type which the printers set; as they look now, we have to read them backwards, and they seem to have no sense or meaning in them; but up yonder, when the Lord God prints us off in the life to come, we shall find that they make brave reading." Only we need not wait until then.—Rev. W. C. Gannett.

How the Revival Came

SOME years ago I met a gray-haired minister who told me the following story from his own life. Said he: "I was brought up under Finney, and after my seminary course was sent to carry on a decayed work in a distant country district. There had been no revival, no stirring up of the Holy Ghost in those parts for years. I gathered some godly people in the vestry every Friday night to pray for a revival. We kept this up for fifteen months, but the heavens were as brass above us. When fall came on I set apart a day for united prayer. My heart rejoiced as I saw the farmers driving in with their families, until the schoolhouse behind the chapel was filled.

"I explained that we had gathered to pray

for a revival. After the opening hymns and prayers, the meeting was thrown open. The silence of death settled upon the audience. Every one waited. Presently a leading old elder rose in a front seat, and said:

"Pastor, I don't think there is going to be a revival of the Holy Ghost here so long as Brother Jones and I don't speak to each other."

"He left his pew, walked down the aisle and found Brother Jones, and said:

"Brother Jones, you and I have not spoken for five years. Let's bury the hatchet. Here's my hand!"

"The old man returned to his pew and sat down. A sob broke from the audience, and there was silence again. Soon another elder rose and said:

"Pastor, I think there will be no revival here while I say fair things to your face and mean things behind your back. I want you to forgive me."

"We shook hands, and the audience relapsed into stillness again."

The minister told me that he then witnessed the strangest scene of his life. For ten minutes men and women crept noiselessly about the house, squaring old scores. And God began to visit them.

The operatives in a factory near by heard what was going on in the schoolhouse, and at the lunch hour they came over in such numbers that they were diverted into the church. The pastor preached to them the simple Gospel, and within five minutes four of the ringleaders in sin in that community were crying to God for mercy. A revival broke out that swept to and fro over the district for three years.

We must get back to first principles. We are right with God in the exact proportion that we are right with the men and women around us. Let us test ourselves, not by what we are on Sundays at church, but by what we are to the man whom we like least. That is the true gage.

Is there any unkind, jealous feeling between pastor and pastor? any irritation or fretting because of another's success? Are you Christian people prepared to square up old scores, to give up things in business that you know are not perfectly consistent with Christ's command? If so, shake hands; write that letter; pay that money; have done with that source of irritation. Let the love of God be poured into your soul, and after that joy will come.—REV. F. B. MEYER, in "Back to Bethel."

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

I have berries, grapes and peaches a year old, fresh as when picked. I used the California Cold Process. Do not heat or seal the fruit, just put it up cold, keeps perfectly fresh, and costs almost nothing; can put up a bushel in ten minutes. Last year I sold directions to over 120 families in one week; any one will pay a dollar for directions when they see the beautiful samples of fruit. As there are many people poor like myself, I consider it my duty to give my experience to such, and feel confident any one can make one or two hundred dollars round home in a few days. I will mail sample of fruit and full directions to any of your readers for nineteen (19) two-cent stamps, which is only the actual cost of the samples, postage, etc. FRANCIS CASEY, St. Louis, Mo.

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OUR BOOK TABLE

The Way of the Preacher. By John A. Kern, Professor of Systematic Theology in Vanderbilt University. Barbee & Smith: Nashville, Tenn. Price, \$1.25.

We take pleasure in directing the attention of ministers and candidates for the ministry to this excellent publication. There is nothing "dry" about it. Every phase of the vast subject of the call to the ministry, preparation therefor and effectiveness therein, is sympathetically treated. The dangers, weaknesses, and follies of the ministry are lovingly pointed out. There is no scourge in the hand of the teacher. He merely places a mirror before the reader, and allows him to see himself. The chapter headings give a fair idea of the nature and scope of the work: "The Ruling Motives," "The New Testament Idea," "The Priest," "The Lecturer," "The Call to Service," "The Inner Chamber," "Temptations," "The Growth of Consecration," "The Realization of Sonship," "Spiritual Insight," "Common Sense," "Follies," "The Use of Books," "The Man of the Book," "On the Earth," "In the World," "The Heart of Courtesy," "The Outer Self," "Involuntary Personal Influence," "The Preaching Spirit," "Expedient and Law," "The Clearer Vision," "The Martyrdom of the Strong."

The Cosmos and the Logos. Lectures. By Rev. Henry Collin Minton, D. D., Stuart Professor of Theology in the San Francisco Theological Seminary. The Westminster Press: Philadelphia. Price, \$1.25.

These are the lectures for 1901-2 on the L. P. Stone foundation in Princeton Theological Seminary. They were also delivered in the Theological Seminary at Auburn, N. Y. Dr. Minton very frankly admits that his subject embraces nearly all "questions in the world and out of it," but adds that to make it less comprehensive than this would have been to miss the real meaning of the problem. His style is crisp, incisive and thought-provoking. While he does not work all of his propositions out to a conclusion, he goes far enough to keep the reader from going astray. He profoundly believes that God is ruling this complex world, and that the policy of His rule is both eminently rational and eminently right.

The New World and the New Thought. By James Thomson Bixby, Ph. D. Thomas Whittaker: New York. Price, \$1.

The position of this author is that "as man has been found to be not the victim of a fall, the ruin of a once perfect being, but an ascending spirit, 'slowly climbing with the climbing world' out of early animality to his destined inheritance as a child of God, so the old doctrines of total depravity and the need of a vicarious atoner to pay for the sin of man's federal head, Adam, have passed away. The perfect man in our modern thought is not behind us, but before us." Like all writers who reject the atonement of Christ and all that it represents, the author proceeds to advocate a beautiful degree of spirituality and church unity which may be achieved purely by self-effort and evolution. His ideals of character are Christian, but his methods of attainment are pagan, and therefore his teaching is inconsistent, false, and dangerous. Dr. Bixby may be justly classed with the anti-orthodox teachers who cry: "Behold the superior glory of the moon," forgetting that it shines with reflected light. Just so do the New Thought and kindred systems have no light in themselves, but shine with the light which streams from the Incarnate Christ, and is so profusely diffused throughout Anglo-Saxon civilization. Credit is due, however, for the careful discrimination between the letter and spirit of the Gospels which is made in the chapter on "Christian Discipleship and Modern Life."

Here the author seems to accept the binding authority of Christ's teachings and gives many helpful suggestions relative to the correct interpretation of extremely literal passages; but in the chapter on "The Expansion of the Universe," he destroys the authority of Christ as a religious teacher by denying His deity and mission as Saviour of mankind. We believe that all that Dr. Bixby advocates in the way of a broad interpretation of the spiritual and all-inclusive nature of Christianity easily harmonizes with the atonement and other doctrines that he rejects, and sincerely hope he will discover this harmony and thus be induced to eliminate the dangerous false premise upon which he bases his teachings.

Dorothy South. A Novel. By George Cary Eggleston, Author of "A Carolina Cavalier." Illustrations by C. D. Williams. Lothrop Publishing Co.: Boston. Price, \$1.50.

This story opens with the arrival at the fine estate of Wyanoke of its new heir, a young physician, Dr. Arthur Brent, Virginia born, but North and foreign bred. At Wyanoke he finds Aunt Polly, a distant relative, and Dorothy South, a girl of sixteen, left as an orphan in Aunt Polly's care. And in the neighboring society he also meets Edmonia Bannister. Fever breaks out among the Negroes of Wyanoke, and the doctor attacks it with heroic measures. Dorothy lends herself as Arthur's head nurse. The doctor now discovers that he loves Dorothy, and in this perplexity he seeks the counsel of his friend Edmonia, who loves him, but not selfishly, as she proves. From the beginning of the story there rests a mystery over Dorothy. She is a high-born, lovely girl, but she has never been outside her own home. Her father had left her future bound by peculiar injunctions. She was in a way betrothed to the son of a planter, Madison Peyton. Arthur, at Dorothy's request, becomes her guardian, to the consternation of Madison Peyton; and then he gives her the chance to see the world. He sends her away to travel with Edmonia. Meanwhile the war-clouds of '61 gathered over Virginia. On the voyage to Europe Dorothy meets a woman, who, strange to say, is her mother. She tells a most wonderful story, and the mystery is explained.

Harmony of the Gospels. By Rev. H. T. Besse. Wesleyan Methodist Publishing Association: Syracuse, N. Y. Price, \$1.50.

This harmony contains the exact words of the four Gospels arranged in parallel columns and in chronological order. The narrative is divided into ten periods, with appropriate headings. Thus the reader is able to group the various events as described by the evangelists and fix their relative sequence in mind. A large proportion of each page is necessarily left blank, owing to the omissions of the different writers, which can be used for notes.

The High-Caste Hindu Woman. By Pandita Ramabai. Fleming H. Revell Co.: New York, Chicago and Toronto. Price, 75 cents.

In response to the calls for this book, which first appeared in 1887, the publishers have brought out the present edition. It has been revised, and contains a sketch of Ramabai's life, together with pictures of her school in India. Students of religious and social problems will find the volume very interesting and helpful.

The Black Cat Club. Negro Humor Folk Lore. By James D. Corrothers. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London.

The Negro as he may be observed in the great cities of the North, is pictured in this book. His droll sayings, peculiar by-words, and odd views of life, are faithfully reported. Some of the stories used are old folk-lore tales current in the South, but seldom seen in print. The author presents his characters through the medium of the "Black Cat Club," a setting which exhib-

its many phases of Negro nature. Clever and original illustrations add to the humor of the reading matter.

The Wide World and Northern Europe. Geographical Readers compiled by Ginn & Co.: Boston. Price, 25 cents each.

These books are the first of the "Youth's Companion Series," made possible by special arrangements with the Perry Mason Company for the right to republish in book form material taken from the *Youth's Companion*. "The Wide World," the first volume, gives a brief, comprehensive survey of child life in Japan, Egypt, Holland, France, Switzerland, Sweden, South America, and Alaska. Among the interesting sketches are: "Barbarian Babies," "Dining with a Mandarin," "Some Little Egyptians," "A Visit to Sweden," "An Eskimo Breakfast." The volume on "Northern Europe" is composed of descriptions and stories which portray interesting aspects of the following subjects: "The Farø Islands," "Life in Norway," "Scenes in Holland and Belgium," "Studies of French Life," "Life in the Alps," and "A Journey down the Moselle."

The Sorrow and Solace of Esther, Daughter of Ben-Amos. By Charles W. Barnes. Jennings & Pye: Cincinnati. Price, 30 cents.

A charming little etching, vividly outlining incidents occurring in the life of Christ, and evidently designed to illustrate the universal nature of Christ's mission. It is exceedingly well done.

How to Get Acquainted with God. By Theodore F. Seward. Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London. Price, 50 cents.

"This treatise is dedicated to the great company of earnest people, in and out of the churches, who are detached from their former ways of thinking, and are wandering, in thought, like sheep without a shepherd. The religious views of their fathers fail to satisfy them, and they seem to be left without a compass in a trackless, spiritual wilderness."

AN APRIL BRACER

Grape-Nuts Food Gives Spring in the Spring

Teachers require nourishing food more than the average person, for their work is nerve destroying, and unless the food taken will surely rebuild the lost gray matter, nervous prostration will set in.

A lady teacher writes: "For the benefit of my fellow teachers and all brain workers who expend daily an amount of nerve energy, I want to tell just what I know personally about Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food."

"When I was teaching in a boarding-school at P— in '98, one of the day-teachers ate Grape-Nuts regularly for breakfast and supper, and appeared so well and strong in all her work."

"Miss R— used to beg me to join her and give the food a trial; but for some reason I never would try it until the spring of the present year. Then one day in April when I was very much in need of something bracing, and was on the point of buying the usual tonic, she prevailed upon me to begin using Grape-Nuts. So we ate Grape-Nuts together from then until June."

"Previous to that, every spring I had been compelled to take bottle after bottle of tonics and then go home much run down, but this year June found me well and strong after a most trying month of work, with never a thought about tonics other than the nourishment received from Grape-Nuts. Naturally I believe heartily in the merits of the food."

"Since leaving that boarding-school I learn that nearly every teacher in the school, from the principal down, uses Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

derness." The author then offers his remedy. It is a modified form of Christian Science, in which he teaches that all life is to be viewed entirely from the standpoint of the spiritual because there is but one universal Mind, and that each person is an individualized expression of that Mind. Men are, therefore, united by an eternal principle of Love. The brotherhood of man is absolute. The doctrine is seductive and interesting, especially to persons of the mystical temperament, but is not in accord with orthodox Christianity.

Magazines

— The regular departments of the *Chautauquan* are well sustained in the May number. Louis E. Van Norman contributes a very readable paper on "The Diplomatic Service of the United States." "Made in Germany," by George B. Waldron, deals with the development and position of Germany as a manufacturing and exporting nation. It is illustrated with graphics that enable the reader to grasp the significance of large numbers easily. In "Formative Incidents in American Diplomacy," Edwin Erie Spark deals with "Maximilian in Mexico" and "Cuba, the Turkey of America." "A Reading Journal in Central Europe," is by Oscar Kuhns, and entitled, "Among the Alps." It is finely illustrated. (The Chautauquan: Cleveland.)

— The leading articles in the *Missionary Review* for May are: "Prophecy and Missions," Arthur T. Pierson; "The Maoris of New Zealand," Wherahiko Kawel; "The Resources of the Christian Church," Robert E. Speer; "The Outlook for Christianity in China," Timothy Richard; "Doctors and Demons among the Laos," Charles H. Denman; "Struggle for Liberty in South America," Bishop Henry W. Warren. The general make-up of the magazine is commendable. It contains much more than is here specified. (Funk & Wagnalls Co.: New York and London.)

— In the *Methodist Magazine and Review* for May "Our Farmer King" is presented in a fine picture and poem. "Back to Ireland," by Samuel H. Pye, of the Methodist Book Concern, is a good illustrated sequel to Mr. James' Irish articles. "Barbadoes—Little England," by Rev. T. W. Hunter, and "The Transformation of Burma," by E. G. Harmer, illustrate the expansion of Britain. The first part of "On the North Shore of Canada," by F. A. Wightman, with map and cuts, describes the romance and heroism of sub-Arctic and Arctic exploration. "Out of Doors with the Artists" is a timely plea for first-hand art studies from nature. (William Briggs: Toronto.)

— The *Forum* for May comes to the reader with a bill of fare consisting of fourteen papers dealing with fundamental questions of international interest. Chief among them are, "Our Industrial Position in the World," Henry Gannett, chief geographer U. S. Geographical Survey; "Comparative Pension Systems," Frederick Fenning; "The Negro and Higher Learning," Prof. W. S. Scarborough; "American Forestry: a New Career," J. Russell Smith; "Reclaiming the Arid Southwest," Robert M. Barker; "Collegiate Conditions in the United States," Charles F. Thwing, President Western Reserve University. (Forum Publishing Co.: New York.)

— A valuable paper on "The Latest Translation of the Bible," by Henry M. Whitney, is given a prominent place in the April number of *Bibliotheca Sacra*. The author explains and illustrates the extreme difficulty of rendering the ancient Hebrew and Greek into a living English. "The Growing Socialism," by Andrew Burns Chalmers, is a fine paper on a topic of constantly increasing interest. "The Higher Criticism and Messianic Prophecy," by Rev. Edward Hartley Dewart, D. D., and "A Study of Mormonism," by Rev. George R. Lunn, are up-to-date and meritorious. (*Bibliotheca Sacra* Co.: Oberlin, O.)

— Ostrich raising in America is interestingly described by Ernest Horsfall Rydall in the *Era* for May in an article entitled, "A New California Industry." It is quite surprising to note the extent to which the new industry has developed. There may be a seeming incongruity in turning from ostriches to Marie Antoinette,

but we must do so in calling attention to the opening of a new story by Henry Francis, which occupies the first pages of the magazine. It is history written in narrative form and free from the red light of fiction. There are numerous fine illustrations. "The Boers in Bermuda," by J. B. Mattison, M. D., gives a very fair idea of the conditions of the British prison camps in Bermuda. The significance and proportions of the revival of interest in the Gaelic language and literature is well told by Ian Jay McGarvey in "Revival of Celtic Literature." (Henry T. Coates & Co.: Philadelphia.)

— Dr. Joseph Parker, of the City Temple, London, has an earnest paper in the *Homiletic Review* for May on "The Preacher's Relations to the Socialistic Features of the Day." Referring to the demand for something new, he says: "I have noticed the people's love of novelty and their subsequent disgust at the thing which first exerted at least a momentary influence. . . . It is my solemn conviction that this world is only to be brought back to God through the medium of a gospel evangelical in doctrine and evangelical in tone." Rev. Prof. George H. Schodde, Ph. D., of the Capital University, Columbus, Ohio, writes on "Problems of the New Testament Criticism," and Dr. Bernhard Pick, of Albany, N. Y., of "Life-of-Jesus Literature in the Nineteenth Century: A Paper for Information." Every preacher should read the paper in the miscellaneous section by Dr. D. S. Gregory on "The Pulpit," "Preaching" and Our Present Problem." (Funk & Wagnalls: New York and London.)

— In the *International Monthly* for May, W. P. Trent, professor of English Literature in Columbia University, discusses "The Question of 'Greatness in Literature.'" It is a very discriminating paper, and gives several good and reasonable rules for determining the "greatness" of authors. Dr. Paul Arndt, a commercial writer of Frankfurt, discusses "Germany in International Commerce." Among the other papers are: "The Riots in Athens," by Prof. Rufus B. Richardson, director of the American School at Athens; "Motives to Imperial Federation," by Captain Alfred T. Mahan, of the United States Navy; "Some Aspects of Rome in the Middle Ages," by Maurice Paleologue, a well-known French novelist and archaeologist; and "The Social Life of Ants," by August Forel, of Lausanne, a celebrated neurologist and author. (*International Monthly*: Burlington, Vt.)

— The *Living Age* has begun a new serial by Miss Christabel Coleridge, which opens attractively. Miss Coleridge comes naturally by her literary gifts, as she is a granddaughter of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. She is a writer of the type of Miss Yonge, and is now engaged on Miss Yonge's biography. Mr. Sidney Lees' paper on "Shakespeare in Oral Tradition" in the issue for May 3, will be welcomed by Shakespeare students as a fresh and delightful contribution to the literature of the subject by the most accomplished Shakespearean scholar of our time. Colonel T. W. Higginson's career is the subject of an article on "The Man of Letters as Reformer," which the *Living Age* of May 10 will reprint from the *Spectator*. (*Living Age* Co.: Boston.)

Commissions Appointed by the Board of Bishops

At the recent session of the Board of Bishops in Chattanooga, Tenn., the following commissions were appointed:

Commission on Consolidation of Benevolences

Bishops Foss, Walden, and Fowler; Drs. J. F. Goucher, S. W. Thomas, D. L. Rader, E. M. Randall, E. O. Thayer, J. M. Buckley; and Messrs. R. T. Miller, G. I. Cochran, F. W. Tunnell, E. L. Dobbins, J. A. Patten, and Archer Brown.

Commission on Common Hymnal

(To act jointly with a corresponding commission to be appointed by the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.)

Bishop Goodsell, Drs. S. F. Upham, C. M. Cobern, R. J. Cooke, C. S. Nutter, W. A. Quayle, C. W. Smith, C. M. Stuart, H. G. Jackson, Mr. M. V. Simpson, and Professor C. T. Winchester.

Commission on Common Catechism and Order of Worship

(To act jointly with a corresponding commission to be appointed by the Bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South.)

Bishops Merrill and Joyce; Drs. J. W. Jennings, W. V. Kelley, S. O. Royal; and Messrs. A. W. Harris and Frank Brown.

Deaconess Fresh Air Work

Readers of ZION'S HERALD: Please do not forget to send your contribution for the summer work of the deaconesses. When you plan for your summer vacation, remember the children of the poor in our city. The deaconesses wish to provide an outing for many of the most needy of these. Money is required. We are also looking for a house in the country, the use of which will be donated, or rented at a reasonable price, for the months of July and August, which will accommodate at least thirty people. Address

DEACONESS HOME,
693 Massachusetts Ave., Boston.

Warning

Look out for a swindler who has just spent a week in Taunton. He goes to prayer-meeting, gives an impressive testimony, tells what Methodist meetings have done for him all his life, etc. He claims to be a "promoter," developing a chemical interest. After a few days he finds himself short of cash and seeks some of the church people to identify him at the bank in order to have a draft cashed. He evidently succeeded, as a draft on a New York bank has been returned as worthless. One man in Taunton thinks he got one hundred dollars in experience for a paltry ten dollars which he loaned this Methodist "promoter." This swindler gave the name Ralph Hamilton, New York. He is about 5 ft. 10 inches high, weighs about 180 or 190 pounds, dark-complexioned, smooth face, chin protruding slightly, very prepossessing in appearance.

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Fetching Styles in Veils

The Latest Conceits

Street Floor—Avon Street.

In our Veiling section you will find the prettiest showing of fascinating novelties ever spread out for inspection.

New fetching styles — designs as a whole obtaining nowhere else in qualities and varieties that insure highest personal satisfaction.

Of the many styles, we wish to particularly direct attention to two of the very latest.

Du Barry Veil — The latest idea — we carry a full line in stock or will make to order, from any combination selected, price each, **1.25 to 15.00**

Automobile Veil — Made from fine quality chiffon, with large eye glasses attached, so arranged that it not only protects the eyes, but also the hat from dust — to be found only with us, each, **5.00**

JORDAN MARSH CO.

Making a "Sunny Hour"

How do you make a "Sunny Hour?"

Just take some right good will,
Some love, some trust, and faith as well,
Enough to fairly fill
A good-sized heart — and you will find
There's still some room to spare
For impulse, which will prompt kind words
And actions, here and there.

Mix all together with a smile
That's spiced with willingness,
And daily use of this, my friend,
Will help you to confess
That wheresoever you may seek,
You'll find no recipe
Like this to make a Sunny Hour,
Wherever you may be.

— Mary D. Brine.

REMOVAL OF THE TIME LIMIT

Another View Point

JONATHAN MELLEN.

IN recent references in the HERALD to the removal of the time-limit, you appear, Mr. Editor, to speak from the standpoint of the Bishop and the clergyman only, not taking into consideration the feelings or preferences of the layman. Your Washington correspondent seems to think that it is altogether wrong for a congregation to request the continuance of a minister, or make a special request for the service of some particular man.

Are the laymen not to be considered in this matter at all? If a congregation grows to admire a minister for his ability, his talents, and his general usefulness to them, is there anything unreasonable in their wanting to keep him, especially if he is agreeable to the arrangement? Is it not the most natural thing in the world for them to want to keep him? Is it not the most unnatural and most unreasonable thing to take him away simply because a certain limit in time has been reached, although the limit of his usefulness to them may not have even attained its meridian?

However much it may suit some of the Bishops and some clergymen, and even some congregations, to make a periodical change of the ministerial relations, there are some clergymen and some congregations that are not pleased with the old system. Nor is it only a matter of pleasing this latter class; it is often a matter of very serious religious consequence to them to have a change, to take away certain men and replace them with others, simply because the calendar says so.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, though strongest in the aggregate, is nevertheless weak in cities. Our churches do not compare favorably with those of sister denominations, either in size, architectural significance or beauty, nor our congregations either in numerical strength, social importance or financial standing, the chief reason being the continuous change of clergymen. Men and women of religious, intellectual and social prominence, becoming attached to a minister of similar attainments, like to hold him. If he has quickened their dormant faculties into life, they feel a sense of gratitude; if he has stood by them in their hour of trial, they like to retain him that he may also share their joy; if he has been a friend and helper under any of the peculiar circumstances into which we are all sometimes thrown, that man better than another can follow up his advantage to the ultimate salvation of his friend or protégé. It takes years sometimes for certain people to become acquainted so that each may know how best to work with the other, or how best to use certain people to the best advantage; and after opportunity of time and acquaintance have been

achieved, should they be snapped asunder and their benefits lost because the almanac says so?

If some congregations and some ministers are agreeable to an unlimited pastorate and are mutually helped by it, what reasonable excuse can there be for wanting to spoil such a beneficial arrangement? If other churches and other clergymen do not like an unlimited pastorate, they have their choice of a limited pastorate by our present excellent arrangement, and certainly should not find fault with, or want to take away, an arrangement whereby certain churches are benefited, simply because they do not like it.

Writing from the standpoint of a layman, we are at a loss to understand how the present arrangement makes it harder for a Bishop to make appointments than the old system. If a dozen churches in a Conference petition for no change, does it not make just that many less appointments for the Bishop and his cabinet to consider?

The *Epworth Herald* has made frequent reference to the numerous pastoral changes that have occurred since the removal of the time-limit, claiming they are more numerous than ever before. This statement we are not able to combat; but if it is so, we can understand one reason for it: Under the old system a minister could not remain more than five years. In many cases where he was not wholly acceptable or fully qualified there was no complaint entered, as the people knew that he could not stay more than five years, with the chances against him for even that length of time; and under these conditions he was allowed to remain. Now with the limit removed, with the possibility of a minister being returned indefinitely, each congregation wants to get the man they feel they can tie to; and changes will be frequent in churches where those reasonable, desirable and happy relations do not exist, until they are attained.

After all, is it not a working demonstration of the survival of the fittest? Does it not mean that he who thinks, who works, who investigates, who reads and studies, who keeps abreast of the times in all religious, intellectual, social and scientific movements, who gives his congregations food for thought and reflection, who comes before them with the eternal truths and principles clothed in the newest and best intellectual garb, and enunciates and expresses them in the most pointed and impressive manner, who draws thinking men and women to his service and to the help and aid of their Master — does it not mean that that man will succeed, that he will be called upon to return to his old charge, and that when the pastoral relation is changed in his case, it will be to a better church? Does it not mean that that class of Methodist preachers (who are still too numerous) who depend on a lot of Methodist phraseology, old stereotyped themes that have become threadbare and played out, noise, gestures, and alleged pulpit oratory, will be relegated to the background, and that in a more marked degree than ever before?

Does not the fact that there are already several six-year and seven-year pastorates in almost every Conference prove that the present arrangement is a success, and should be allowed to stand? And should not the laity be heard from in this matter before the editors, on behalf of some of the Bishops and some clergymen, begin to predict that it will be changed back to the old system at the next General Conference? The fact that Rev. Arthur Dechman has left the ministry on account of the itinerancy, notwithstanding the removal of the time-limit, does not prove that the present system is a failure. There are numerous ex-Methodist ministers in other churches who

have left us because of the itinerancy, who probably under the present arrangement would not have gone.

Omaha, Neb.

Southern California as a Health Resort

REV. J. F. BERRY, D. D.

WHAT about Southern California as a health resort, do you ask? The question is easy. For persons suffering from disorders of the nervous system it is a natural sanitarium. The almost utter absence of diseases common to young children makes it a paradise for the little folks. It is a haven of rest and delight, also, to very old people. The ever-present sunshine and the absence of wind and cold contribute to longevity. To persons predisposed to pulmonary affections of any sort, it is an ideal place. Incipient tuberculosis is often arrested and cured. But those suffering from confirmed tuberculosis will find southern New Mexico and Arizona vastly better. The atmosphere of the cultivated parts of Southern California has been moistened by the general irrigation, and is not as well suited to consumptives as it once was. On the other hand, Arizona and the southern part of New Mexico are both warm and dry. But an additional reason why confirmed consumptives should not go to California is the fact that little provision is offered for the care of such patients. The hotels and boarding-houses and sanitariums are closed against them. This is not surprising. Some day we will see a great sanitarium, or a series of sanitariums, at some point in California east of Redlands, or in Arizona, in the vicinity of Tucson, where the disease will be treated upon the most scientific principles, and under the most perfect climatic conditions possible on this round earth. The experiences of many of those who come here in

INSIDE THE GROCERY

Some Facts Made Known

It is often thought that grocers really have very little care regarding the food value of the articles they sell, but the real facts are that grocery keepers of the right sort are extremely particular as to what they recommend.

One of the fraternity relates a tale: "The highest priced coffee on the market I introduced to my customers and used myself. I began to have bilious attacks, and after a little observation attributed them directly to coffee. Every time I left off drinking it I got better, but I felt the need of a warm drink for breakfast.

"Along in '96 a wholesale grocer urged me to put in some Postum Food Coffee in my store, which I did with considerable misgiving, for at that time the now famous Postum was not so well known.

"He urged me to try it myself, which I did, and was disgusted with the flat, tasteless beverage; so was my wife. I remembered the wholesale grocer said something about following directions carefully, so I took the package and studied it. I at once discovered that we had not boiled it long enough — only three or four minutes; but it must be boiled fifteen minutes at least, so we tried it again, with the result that we got a perfect cup of coffee, a delightful and healthful beverage. I have continued the use of Postum in my home ever since. We use it for breakfast, dinner and supper.

"My bilious attacks quickly left and I am free from them altogether. I began to explain to my customers something of the value of Postum Coffee, and now have a very large trade on it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

the last stages of consumption is pitiable. Such experiments are utterly foolish, and should be discouraged. Those who have been guilty of sending poor sufferers there with only enough money to pay their fare, commit an outrage. — *Epworth Herald*.

W. H. M. S. Notes

— Some one has said: "If you want missionary books read, have them bound in red." In other words, try to make missionary information attractive.

— Miss Carrie Barge, organizer for the Young People's Bureau of the W. H. M. S., has been ill for some weeks past, but is hoping soon to be able to resume her useful and important work.

— The need of the National Training School for Missionaries and Deaconesses at Kansas City, Kan., for better accommodation, is becoming imperative. There are more applicants than can possibly be admitted while the school remains in its present quarters.

— One of the oldest schools of the W. H. M. S. is that at Asheville, N. C. With the exception of three, all the graduates of this school are now teaching. Of these three, one occupies a responsible position in Asheville and the other two are taking a college course.

— Boylan Home in Jacksonville, Fla., does not limit its work to colored girls, by any means. A night class for Chinese boys has been a work of great interest during the past year. In Faith Cottage, the settlement work growing out of Boylan, one hundred day scholars were enrolled, and two hundred in the Sunday-school.

— Many Conferences unreached before, especially among the Germans, Danes, and Swedes, have been reached during the past year by some representative of the W. H. M. S. The far Western Conferences — Arizona, Nevada, Idaho, New Mexico, North Montana, and Dakota — have also during this past year heard the gospel of Home Missions.

— Glenn Industrial Home, under the care of the W. H. M. S., reaches a great number of people. All the women touched by this work are formed into auxiliaries of the Society, and it is not by any means difficult to interest even the very poorest in the work.

— There are 168,000 Japanese in the Hawaiian Islands. They maintain their heathen rites and customs, and are as intensely heathen as in Tokyo or Yokohama. The greater number of these belong to the lower class, living in little huts on the plantations in great poverty and ignorance. Comparatively speaking, there is no home life among them.

— Loyalty to Methodism is a marked feature in the Homes of the W. H. M. S. With very few exceptions Epworth Leagues are organized in the Homes, and the girls carry the League spirit with them when they go to their own homes, or into strange communities as teachers. The girls are taught to earn, to save, and to sacrifice, so as to have money for the benevolent work of the church.

— The demand for nurse deaconesses largely exceeds the supply. Sibley Hospital at Washington, D. C., is the chief training hospital, but Bethany at Kansas City, Kan., and the Methodist Hospital at Des Moines, Ia., are close friends and allies of the Society. By a special arrangement nurse deaconesses are now in charge of a hospital in Keokuk, Ia., and are giving marked satisfaction.

— There is much sympathy for missionaries who go to remote foreign fields on account of their isolation and loneliness. Something of this same kind is frequently known in the home land. In Moroni, Utah, the two missionaries of the W. H. M. S. are the only Gentiles in the place. In several of our mission stations there is no resident pastor, and our young women are pastors, preachers, and evangelists.

— Dr. A. W. Newhall, who has been taking a year's rest from his work in Unalak, expects to return to that field the coming summer.

He says: "If there is a needy mission-field on the face of the earth, it is Alaska. We do not need to go to Africa to find it, but can see plenty of heathenism just where we are. The school and mission are gaining friends wherever known. The priests are more tolerant, and we are winning our way after hard-fought battles."

— Since the Chinese slave traffic has been exposed, largely through the heroic efforts of Miss Lake, missionary in the Rescue Home of the W. H. M. S. in San Francisco, the attention of slave-dealers has been turned toward Japanese girls. It is often easier to land them on our shores than the Chinese, and many are being allured by false representations to this country. Miss Lena B. Gray, a deaconess, is working among this class of girls, and finds both heart and hands full.

— There is much interest and activity in many auxiliaries of the W. H. M. S. in the effort to counteract the work of the Mormon missionaries. Information is the weapon which can best be used in this warfare. Ten cents sent to 150 Fifth Ave., New York, W. H. M. S. room, will secure a fine set of leaflets prepared by experts, which will equip one for contest. If the Mormon missionaries have not yet reached your neighborhood, they will in time, and it is best to be prepared.

— The W. H. M. S. has deaconesses in hospitals and in city slums, in Porto Rico, and among the Orientals, but the work of a deaconess on a boat is less familiar perhaps to Home Missionary women; yet we have one stationed at St. Paul, Minn., whose work is largely in connection with the Bethel Boat. She is a welcome visitor in hundreds of homes in the large Syrian colony, and is in charge of industrial and Sunday-schools, mothers' meetings, etc.

Doubting One's Doubts

THE difficulties of retaining faith in a skeptical age have sometimes been exaggerated, but the difficulties of retaining one's doubts have not often been mentioned. Even the Psalmist found his "steps almost gone" when he considered the many afflictions of the righteous and the apparent prosperity of the wicked; but the man who studies the great drift of the world's deep currents must have his doubts of an overruling Providence severely shaken. It is easy to construct a plausible argument for agnosticism, or even for atheism, but it is hard to make either of them hold. The man who would not doubt his doubts must be very careful of his companionships, for in every walk of life he is apt to run against facts which suggest, if they do not prove, the being, the immanence and the moral attributes of God.

It is significant of the slight hold that doubt has upon the mind of the average doubter that he takes such infinite pains to bolster it up, and to protect it round about from adverse touch. We were by accident called to look over the library of a man recently deceased to estimate its value. He had been known as an avowed and somewhat aggressive skeptic in his own community. But the first thing we said to ourselves as we glanced along his shelves was, "Well, this man must have gravely doubted his own doubts to so accumulate books of this class." The leaders of modern infidelity were all there, but apparently none of them had been seriously read. They gave him courage by their presence, and saved his doubts from dissolution. His agnostic creed resembled thus a condemned building such as we sometimes see in the city, buttressed at the sides by massive beams and bolted through the walls with iron rods, all to keep the concern from a premature tumble.

How uncertain the average doubter is as

to his doubts may be judged from the care he exercises to keep himself from hearing adverse truth. He doubts the Bible, but in order to continue doubting is careful not to read it. He doubts the church; but in order not to have his doubts of worth shaken he stays at home Sundays and reads the morning paper, races, prize-fights and police scandals entire, rather than listen to its message or to become conversant with its deeds. It is little wonder that doubts so feeble and fragile in life fail utterly in death, and the man who has lived a doubter dies surrounded by all the terrors and none of the comforts of the faith he has so persistently rejected. — *Interior*.

By the Way

THERE is an old legend of a saint who lived such a godly life that the angels came down from heaven to see the man and learn his secret. After studying him for some time they besought the Lord to give him power to work miracles, the saint to choose the work he might do. He refused power to heal the sick, leaving that to God, the leading of wanderers he left to angels; but as he must accept a gift from God, he chose to do good without knowing it. So it followed that wherever he walked, his shadow falling behind him, or on either side, unseen by him, brought life and health to all it touched. What we are decides what we do; to be good is to do good. We judge the tree by the fruit, because the fruit proves what the tree is. The life in the tree preceded the fruit on the bough. Once when the Master was hurrying to the home of Jairus to raise his daughter from the dead, a poor, friendless woman touched the tassel of His garment and straightway she was healed. He planned to save the ruler's daughter; He healed the woman by the way, without planning. Much of our best work and worst work is done by the way. What we purpose to do expresses our wills; what we do by the way ex-

Who Defined

"Soap-powder" in the Standard Dictionary? Sounds as if some old fashioned soap-maker had written it. Used in dish-water! Yes, and when it is PEARLINE, used in everything where soap can be used. PEARLINE is modern, up-to-date soap; a better soap; it has revolutionized the soap trade. 666

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presses our characters. We can do good by deliberately setting ourselves to be good, if we are not good. We may assume a virtue if we have it not, we may play a part on the stage of life; but the work by the way is the real test of character. — REV. DR. O. P. GIFFORD, in *Standard*.

Address of Lay Fraternal Delegate

[Continued from Page 617.]

be broken. It drags its victim down to the chambers of torture, to the dungeons of death. But he who is touched by the Christian wand of the Epworth League, is led out into the light. He shakes off fear. He finds that wisdom that is "more precious than rubies;" not death, but "length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her."

The Value of Missionaries

is rising in the world's markets. Nowadays it takes a king's ransom to release a humble woman servant of God, and she is a bargain, at that! Those on the picket-line of Methodism are fearless, devoted and successful. A day or two before I left my home in Boston to come upon this errand, there was a strange burial. An old Boston pilot who had spent his life upon the ocean had become so attached to it that he made the dying request of his brother pilots that, when he was dead, his body should be burned and his ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven on the surface of the sea. And so, on the 28th of April, a few miles off Boston Light, in Massachusetts Bay, the old pilot boat set her flag at half-mast. The small company on board gathered afit, and a grim pilot scattered the ashes of his departed comrade on the face of the deep, saying as he did so: "We wish you all the happiness of heaven, Captain Fowler! Good luck to you!" Then, turning to the westward, he covered his head, and ordered the flag hoisted to full staff again. Deep was the love of the old pilot for the sea, but deeper yet the love of our missionaries for the ocean of humanity. Upon its surface they have cast their bodies and to it given their lives, and it has not been in vain.

The temper of our people is courageous. When our General Conference, in 1900, discovered, notwithstanding the call of our Bishops for the salvation of one million souls at the beginning of the century, that the actual rate of increase of our probationers had diminished, no one thought of cutting down the amount of good to be attempted, but boldly did they resolve "that we ask the Bishops to appoint a committee of fifteen to carefully and prayerfully consider and report what, in their judgment, this General Conference can do to help save two million souls."

You have heard from Dr. Huntington of our Twentieth Century Thank-Offering. In the generosity of our people we find great reason for encouragement. Their willingness to consecrate their wealth has been apparent. The time was ripe for this effort. Churches were weighted with debt; there were able young men who would be preachers of the word of life, but they lacked the means for preparation; there were educational institutions that but half fulfilled their mission because of lack of funds; there were Christian missionaries curtailed in the sphere of their activity because their resources were limited; there were suffering men turned from our hospitals because there was not room within. Yet wealth was accumulating. Men were

actually struggling with money. They were growing prematurely old because of the burdens of its care and their lack of knowledge as to how to spend it well. A wonderful century was drawing to a close. Another, of even greater promise, was about to begin. The American people, fresh from the victories of the Spanish War, were more prosperous than ever before. Our farmers and manufacturers were selling their goods in every market. Our copper belted the globe. Our steel riveted the continent. Our people were employed; their hearts were light and merry because of progress and of plenty. Our Bishops noted these facts. They called attention to them. Their faith led them to make a great request; and the people have justified that faith by their works. And so, full of hope, with confidence in the godliness and the ability of our leaders, well organized, thoroughly equipped, we face the tomorrows of the twentieth century.

Brethren, we are also here in recognition of the

Fraternal Spirit of the Age.

The idea of the brotherhood of man has been making progress by leaps and bounds. It was not many generations ago when people lived apart, in ignorance of each other. They never met save in hostility. He who walked by the blue Sea of Galilee preached the Golden Rule; but nations, in selfishness and greed and in lust for power, continued to regard all outside of themselves as barbarians and fit subjects for plunder. Slowly did the doctrine of Christianity awaken the consciences of men. The printing-press came, and with it the power to disseminate knowledge of men among men. But its development was slow and its product expensive for many generations. America was discovered, and here Frenchmen and Spaniards and Englishmen fought for the control of the continent and the shaping of its destinies. It was a wilderness far removed from Europe. Means of communication were slow and expensive. Because of its isolation, it presented the opportunity to men for natural growth. There was no suspicious monarch to hamper and restrain. Here, more nearly than anywhere else, were the conditions that would permit of the unfettering of the human mind after its six thousand years of imprisonment under unjust, tyrannical and ignorant governments. Liberty of thought and of conscience in the race that settled these shores, developed in generation after generation, has given birth to wonderful inventions which have caused the land that was isolated to be joined to the lands across the sea, and made this nation an uplifting factor by bringing it into contact with the rest of the world. The steam-engine was changed from a toy to a giant of labor. Fulton's boat steamed up the Hudson, and then there came the great leviathan of the deep, the floating commonwealth, plying between the hemispheres and carrying the crops of a continent within its steel-ribbed sides. The engine was placed upon wheels, the iron brought forth from the mines and stretched across the continent, and the iron horse like a shuttle flies between California and New England. Mankind has become a traveler. Morse harnessed the lightning that Franklin had caught, and with it he whispered from Baltimore to Washington, and, almost in a night, the world was wound with the web that carries the message under the sea and over the land wherever civilized man is found. The telephone came, and the human voice traveled a thousand miles in the fragment of a second to speak in the ear of a brother man. And as printing-press threw out its product, and steamship ploughed the deep,

and iron horse caused continent to tremble, and men talked with men around the globe, the people thought that barter and trade and commerce was the end. But it was not so. For these developments, and the host of others, have ushered in, in our day, a new era in the world's history more distinct from the centuries that have preceded than was any other era in the march of the ages. Now the time has come when there are no oceans deep enough, no continents broad enough, no mountains high enough, to separate men from each other. Commerce and trade have not only brought men together, but made them dependent on each other. Shall England fight with America? We send her ten million barrels of flour a year. If she fights, she goes hungry. Shall Germany fight with America? She is being bound to us by the strong web of self-interest. The federation of the steamships, the federation of trade, does but precede the political federation that, expressed or unexpressed, must follow. This is a fraternal age from self-interest, from necessity, and from the spread of Christian civilization. We hear of wars and rumors of wars, but they are becoming unpopular. Swords are growing rusty. Might is giving way to right, and the great dawn is coming when

"The war drum shall throb no longer
And all the battle flags be furled
In the parliament of man,
The federation of the world."

If the world has so grown together, if men have become broadened and fraternal because of business interests, how much deeper must be the fraternity existing between the

Two Great Divisions of the Methodist Church

as here represented! We may be more definite than you in the term which we require of our probationers, and less definite in the term of our preachers, but these things affect not our creed. We have a common belief, with a common origin, with a common future before us, and however in the days that were gone our paths may have separated, we have been these many years, again under a common flag, seeking to uplift a common nation — seeking to spread through it the Methodist faith, not in the spirit of bigotry, but in a spirit of love and fellowship for every other sect that is engaged in advancing the fundamental truths of Christianity. For thirty years our messengers have come to you to bring their greetings; for thirty years yours have been gladly received by us; and, year by year, the feeling has been developed, until, as the result of the action of the General Conferences of these two great organizations, a federation has become possible, which proclaims to the world the unity and sincerity of their purposes. There has been no great advertising of this event in the papers. There being no stock for sale, no underwriting to be done, the captains of industry and the financiers of Wall Street have not been interested, but without their assistance the great federation was fairly begun when your General Conference and ours accepted substantially the report of the Commission on Federation and continued that commission for another four years for further suggestions and plans for united effort. When provision is made by our respective churches looking to the adoption of measures for the joint administration of our publishing interests in China and Japan; when plans are being discussed for co-operation in our foreign missionary work; when steps are taken to prepare a common catechism, and a common hymn book, and a common order of public worship; when provision is made to prevent a weakening rivalry in the same localities; when arrangements are commended for the more easy transfer of

preachers from one church to the other; and when both rejoice in the spirit of fraternity that has brought their Epworth Leagues together in International Conferences, then the day of the benefits of a practical union, whether one in name or not, is near at hand — and all these things have we seen within the last quadrennium.

We are one in our endeavor to cultivate right principles of living among our citizens, and to serve our country as best we may in the solution of the great problems that confront it. Together we recognize the common dangers from skepticism and unbelief, but as we see how impotent is the work of those who would detract from the glory of the advancing kingdom, we can with the poet shout,

"Hammer away, ye hostile bands!
Your hammers break, God's anvil stands."

We see the growing strife between capital and labor; we notice the amalgamation of wealth and the armies of toilers; we recognize that there is danger when

"In the thrifty turmoil of successful trade
The war and barter and the ambuscade
Of conquering commerce and of counting-rooms
That build one palace and a hundred tombs."

We denounce methods of warfare that kill all over ten years of age and turn a province into a wilderness, as an unspeakable cruelty, unworthy of civilized man. But in doing this, we do not voice the sentiment of Methodist, or of partisan, but the sentiment of the entire American people, and are confident that the Government will take prompt action to avenge the outraged feelings of humanity, and to prevent the recurrence of such terrible lapses from civilized warfare. Nor will we condemn our entire nation for this sporadic manifestation beneath her uniform of a nature savage and entirely foreign to her. Nor will we forget the magnificence of her past, the might of her present, or the ennobling beauty of her ideals, because of these spots that have appeared upon the face of her sun.

Our nation occupies a different place in the activities of the age from what it did four years ago, when the wreck of the "Maine" became the ghastly coffin of two hundred and fifty American sailors. Then we were apart, our power unknown, our influence little, our mission contracted. But now the giant stands revealed. None dare make war if America interpose her veto. Her strength is the world's greatest assurance of peace. The princes of the earth journey to her shores to pay her honor. The genius of her financiers brings the world a suppliant to her feet, while the inventions of her mind are lifting the burdens from off the backs of the people. "The man with the hoe" is disappearing, for steam has been yoked to the plough, while the American reaper, not of blood and flesh, but of iron and steel, harvests the crops of the world; the American sewing machine makes the world's clothing; and the American typewriter does the world's correspondence. The sceptre has indeed passed from the East to the West, and America holds it today. To her is given the task of feeding the world, of harmonizing capital and labor, of civilizing benighted races, of launching republics, of keeping the torch of liberty burning, of uplifting humanity.

It is

Our Common Country.

Lines of division have been effaced. We have grown together. It was your Senator Lamar of Mississippi, who, strange as it might have seemed a few years before, delivered the eloquent eulogy on the death of our Charles Sumner. "My countrymen," said Sumner, "know one another, and you

will love one another." North and South have found this true. Our common country! Aye, it was the James Otises of Massachusetts, and the Christopher Gadsdens of South Carolina, and the Patrick Henrys of Virginia, who inspired the contest that gave the nation birth. Her glory is our common heritage, and for all future time Cavalier and Puritan, Huguenot and Pilgrim, shall join hands together. Forth from the great pine forests of Georgia came Henry W. Grady, the matchless orator, the eloquent advocate of the new South, to the old abolition city of Boston, and there did he find a response in all our hearts as in trumpet tones, as though catching an inspiration from the glories of the Celestial City so soon to be revealed to him, he called the nation to the exercise of that broad and perfect loyalty "that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts; that knows no South, no North, no East, no West, but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union." And in this spirit I greet you for

"Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock,
Shall now, in mutual, well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way."

Paul Leicester Ford

The sudden and tragic end of Paul Leicester Ford's literary career contains more elements of sadness than any literary tragedy which has occurred in many years. The awful circumstances of the fratricide are re-enforced in pathos by the patience, steadiness and firm grasp with which Ford molded his career and bore his painful infirmity. Nor are the patient endurance and achievement alone touching. So recently does it seem that we read of his marriage that despite the fact that more than a year has elapsed we almost fancy the author has been stricken down in his hononym.

But all these facts and circumstances are extraneous when considered with the real loss which the reading public sustains in cutting off a career the fullness of which was far in the future. It is that young Ford was yet to write his best book that is the saddest of all. With the incentive of the greatest happiness he had known, he perhaps was in the very act of writing a book which would have fitly succeeded "The Honorable Peter Stirling." There were many who looked to this author to give to the world that much-desired work, the great American novel. Certainly Paul Leicester Ford made two commendable and monetarily successful attempts with which few readers are unfamiliar. He always found — no matter whether in fiction or historical writing — in American subjects all the material he wanted. His place in American letters will be that of an American who loved to write of his own people and their conditions. His insight into character and personality in historical figures is thoroughly shown in "The Many-Sided Franklin" and "The True George Washington;" and, for all he will be best remembered as a novelist, the last-named volume is one of the few recent historical character studies that deserve a permanent place among the works upon such subjects. A similar work on Lincoln would probably have been among his contributions in the near future. However, Paul Ford is nearer to the people as a writer of fiction than as an historian. His fiction has shown versatility from the first. But although the "Great K. & A. Train Robbery" shows decided skill in management of incident and an originality of imagination, while "Janice Meredith"

shows a shrewd appreciation of the woman nature, while "Tattle Tales of Cupid" and "Wanted, a Match Maker," show a keen and facile pen, the work of all which best typifies him, and by which his fiction must be judged, is also the novel which can best stand the test, "The Honorable Peter Stirling."

Until Robert Barr wrote "The Victors" this was the only political novel of dignity and consequence which this country has seen since Judge Tourgée made his famous estimate of reconstruction, "A Fool's Errand." In "Peter Stirling" Ford worthily handled a worthy subject. The author's attempt was not to idealize, but he made no effort at exact picturing of conditions. He understood men and based his story on humanness, without always making a photographic picturing of New York conditions. "Peter Stirling" is, in the book's own language, "a practical idealist." We find in Stirling something entirely possible, something to emulate, not something equally possible, and something to escape. For this reason Costel is perhaps the only character in the book which has a kindred value as the type of existing political leadership with the hero, or Mayor Grady, in "The Victors." Mr. Barr has shown us what the conditions are; Ford showed us what the conditions could be. Neither has made use of impractical vagaries.

Undoubtedly Mr. Ford found in the career of Grover Cleveland much that he utilized in this book. It was a daring thing to do, but he did it gracefully and without offence. But Cleveland is not the hero of the book, as many have thought and many printed articles in the next few days will state. True it is, more than likely that the cue for Peter's love affair with the daughter of an old chum was the President's marriage with the child of his former law partner. It is certain also that for one of his important episodes he idealized the great election scandal of 1884. Peter had also his full share of that quality which so distinguishes our ex-President — backbone. The reader set on considering Mr. Cleveland the subject for the entire book may discover other minor resemblances, but they might find equal resemblance to other public characters. Certainly Mr. Ford found incidents in other careers which he used, rounding the whole into a political story, worthy alike in incident, characterization, and purpose.

To return to the question of the original source of the character of Stirling, I love to think that there is much of the author's self in the man. Peter's very physical bigness seems a pathetic revelation of the writer's ideal. But it is in the earlier chapter that Ford reveals himself. Peter Stirling's long waiting, his gritty holding on and the great soreness of his heart seem to reflect the patient, steady, unflinching life which stood up under its heavy physical burden and conquered. Historian, story-teller, brave man, great soul, Paul Leicester Ford leaves a niche that will be long unfilled. — SHERWIN LAWRENCE COOK, in *Boston Transcript*.

MAKES OLD THINGS NEW

A remarkable product has been discovered recently, called Liquid Veneer, for renewing almost anything that has a polished, varnished, or enameled surface, and giving it that rich, brilliant appearance of newness so desirable. Every reader of ZION'S HERALD is entitled to a free sample bottle of it, and by writing the manufacturers and mentioning this paper a bottle will be mailed, postage prepaid, and free of charge. Write at once to Buffalo Specialty Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y., the sole manufacturers of Liquid Veneer.

THE CONFERENCES

NEW HAMPSHIRE CONFERENCE

Manchester District

Hillsboro Bridge.—Rev. I. C. Brown has been welcomed back for a second year, and the work opens very encouragingly. The children of Herman G. Brown have contributed \$55 for a new Sunday-school library in memory of their deceased mother. The school has raised \$55 more, which will furnish \$110 worth of new books for this promising school.

Hillsboro Centre.—Last year was one of the best for many years. The church came out ahead in finances, and had quite an increase in congregation. The Sunday-school has made a fine record the past year. Pastor and people both start in with excellent courage for another term.

Henniker.—Rev. D. E. Burns is pastor. The work is promising, and the people are delighted to welcome pastor and family back for another year. Some very much-needed repairs on the church are in prospect. A committee was appointed to make the improvements, and the money is largely in hand to pay the bills.

Winchester and Westport.—Dr. W. M. Cleveland is the new pastor, and has already made a fine impression on the church and community. The people feel that they are fortunate in securing a man of such gifts and ability. Mr. Cleveland is to preach the Memorial sermon before the Grand Army.

Keene.—Rev. J. M. Durrell commenced the work of the year by receiving 8 persons into the church in full connection on his first Sabbath after Conference. The financial reports at the quarterly conference were the best this scribe has ever heard read in the Keene church. Plans and arrangements for the future promise satisfactory results. Mr. Durrell will give the Memorial Day address, May 30.

Peterboro.—Some very much-needed repairs on the church and parsonage have recently been made, and at the quarterly conference the trustees were instructed to make more extensive repairs on both. There is a delightful state of harmony among the people. The work in outlying districts, which has resulted in so much good the past year, is being continued. If the people do not come to Mr. Copp, he carries the Gospel to them, and by that has helped the church very much. Mrs. M. L. Sawyer, of this church, left in her will \$200 to the local church, and \$100 each to the following: the N. H. Conference Preachers' Aid Society, the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Freedmen's Aid and Southern Education Society. We wish more people would be thoughtful in these respects.

Hinsdale.—The year opens with promise. The debt on the church property is all pledged, to be paid by next September. New electric lights have been placed in the church and the bills all paid. The people are united and happy.

Marlboro.—The people of this church were pleased to welcome back Rev. C. Byrne and family for another year. The first Sunday after Conference the church was profusely decorated with plants and flowers, with the word "Welcome" in front of the pulpit. One young lady was baptized, and two were received into the church in full connection. Finances are in excellent condition, with all bills settled, and a bright outlook for the future. Mr. Byrne will deliver the Memorial Day address in Marlboro. C.

Concord District

Penacook.—The work of the year begins well. The pastor, Rev. A. L. Smith, and wife were cordially welcomed back. The people would have been greatly grieved if any plan of the Bishop had caused a change. The first quarterly conference showed that all bills of the past year were paid with comparative ease. They have a splendid subscription with which to begin the new year. One of two things needs to be done here—either to build a new edifice, or make such extensive changes and improvements in the present place that it will have more the appearance of a church. Men may argue as they will, but the average churchgoer prefers a church though it be plain, to a hall, if he intends to be a regular attendant. Penacook, as a part of the city of Concord, needs a more attractive house of worship than it now has. This project ought

to be taken hold of seriously, as a matter of vital importance—for such it certainly is.

Concord, First Church.—All seems smooth and pleasant here. Between \$80 and \$90 remains to be paid on last year's current bills, but this is fully provided for if all subscriptions are paid in. The Sunday-school has a good attendance. Everybody is hopeful. It would not be a surprising thing if this church should conclude to invite the Annual Conference to hold its next session there. It would be a good place. May be some society further north will crave the pleasure. First come—on which the committee can agree—first served.

Bow and Bow Mills.—These churches have done their duty, as agreed upon, and paid the pastor's claim in full. The people have from time to time given them various things, especially in the way of furniture, so that their offerings would considerably exceed the claim. The new pastor, Rev. Frank Hooper, is on the ground and ready for work. He will take hold and do his best, and expects a good year. The people are cheered by his willing and devoted spirit.

Suncook.—Rev. R. Sanderson is getting well settled in his new home. He found one of the best parsonages in the Conference, and found it left in the very best condition. His predecessor had not only kept it in good repair, but left it clean. He had in his hand a first-class visiting-book to help him find his people. Wonder if all pastors did that for their successors, as ¶193, §28, of the Discipline directs they shall? We are quite sure some did not. A well-attended quarterly conference shows an interest in the work of the year.

Personal.—No one in the Conference, aside from those who are or have been pastors at Lancaster, knew the venerable Rev. Moody P. Marshall. A great many years ago he was a member of the New Hampshire Conference. One of his fields of labor was Bristol, where he was pastor about sixty-four years ago. He did not remain long in the itinerancy, but located. For years he has lived in that part of Lancaster known as the Grange, some two or three miles away from the church, so he was not able to attend very often; but he lived in communion with God. His face was radiant, and his presence was a benediction to any company. At a ripe old age he passed, on Sunday, May 3, to be forever with the Lord. The funeral was conducted, Tuesday afternoon, by the pastor, Rev. J. L. Felt.

Whitefield.—The first Sunday in May, 3 joined on probation (all adults), and 1 in full from probation. One young man has given himself to Christ since Conference. The work is hopeful. Mr. Richard Lane, one of the chief men of the church, was near death a few days ago with heart trouble. The doctor and nurse live next door, and being within the call of a half minute, they saved his life. At this time he is still confined to his room. All pray for his speedy recovery.

Swiftwater.—A meeting of the pew-holders has given permission to paint the church. Most of the money has been secured, so that the work will be done at once. The pastor, Rev. W. A. Hudson, drives about twenty miles each Sunday, preaches to three different congregations, and reaches home in time to lead a Sunday night service. There are some of our brethren who do considerable work even yet. They do not get very great pay for it, but they do not complain about it.

Preachers' Meeting.—The White Mountain Ministerial Association is to be held in Bethlehem in the early part of June. Rev. William Ramsden and Rev. W. A. Loyne will prepare the program and send it out. Keep it in mind and come. It will probably be about the 4th of June. Rev. W. P. White has already asked that the fall meeting in October be held in Stark. No doubt the brethren will be glad to go there. B.

VERMONT CONFERENCE

Montpelier District

Preachers' Meeting.—The committee appointed at Conference have arranged for a meeting of the preachers at Windsor, June 3 and 4. An interesting program has been prepared, and preachers who are not present will miss a treat.

Springfield.—Pastor Allen received 3 by letter and 4 from probation to full membership, May 4. The finance committee have made plans to do

the Lord's business in a business fashion, and it is expected that success will crown their efforts.

Randolph and Bethel Gilead.—On this charge the entire amount necessary for current expenses was pledged early in the year, and an advance of \$50 made in the estimate of Pastor Rainey. Nearly enough money was pledged last year to make the contemplated repairs on the church, but at the first quarterly conference it was deemed desirable to enlarge the audience-room and give better accommodations to the choir. A move is now being made for funds for this purpose, as the addition should be completed before the decorating is done.

Personal.—Rev. E. H. Bartlett, who took a supernumerary relation at Conference, was unable to vacate the parsonage at Wardsboro for a little time after Conference, owing to the condition of Mrs. Bartlett. It is understood that, as soon as they are able to move, they will go to Newfane where they will make their home.

Gaysville and Bethel Lympus.—The work here has not been in better condition in recent years. A hopeful tone was evident throughout the deliberations, while the people are fully aware of the unusual amount of first-class work being done by their pastor, Rev. J. W. Miller. A steady and healthy growth is noticed in all this work. The Sunday-school at Gaysville continues to hold the banner for greatest increase in attendance.

Bethel.—This charge continues to be supplied by Rev. J. W. Miller in connection with the work at Gaysville and Bethel Lympus. Congregations and attendance at the Sunday-school and social meetings are on the increase. The estimate for pastor's salary was raised \$25 from last year. By the way, this pastor preaches three times on Sunday and holds a social meeting on Sunday evening, and is responsible for three social meet-

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ings during the week. The work of the study is not neglected nor the visiting in the homes of the people. Who says the days of the fathers were better than these, or that Methodism is growing effeminate?

South Royallton and South Tunbridge.—The newly-appointed pastor, Rev. W. H. White, was promptly at his post of duty, and is winning his way rapidly in the esteem and love of the people. A reception was tendered to the pastor and his family, which was largely attended by the people of our own church, with a generous number present who usually worship elsewhere. An opportunity for all to meet the strangers was provided, after which an excellent musical and literary entertainment was enjoyed.

Special.—Since the adjournment of Conference Bishop Goodsell has thought best to make some readjustment of our work. Rev. Guy Lawton is returned to Thetford and North Thetford for another year; Rev. Fred Daniels goes to Hartland and North Hartland; and Rev. F. H. Roberts goes to Brownsville and supplies South Reading. W. M. N.

N. E. SOUTHERN CONFERENCE

New Bedford District

Falmouth.—The pastor, Rev. C. E. De La Mater, finds the second year of his pastorate opening with favoring auspices. A reception was given him at the home of one of his parishioners on the evening of April 23. An increase of interest in all departments of church work is reported. On a recent Sunday evening the pastor took advantage of the current interest in and discussion of a proposed electric road in the town, to impress some wholesome lessons on the way of life and the unseen force which is the real dynamic of life. The sermon was delivered to a large congregation. Mr. De La Mater was one of the speakers at an important educational meeting held in Falmouth a few days ago.

South Middleboro.—A hearty welcome awaited the new pastor, Rev. J. S. Bell, and his wife as they came to this church. Public greetings were accorded them in the vestry of the church on an evening occasion soon after their arrival. Rev. Messrs. Eben Tirrell of Middleboro, and C. W. Allen of Rock, were present to join with the South Middleboro people in making the new comers at home.

New Bedford, County St.—A large company of the members and friends of this church, including representatives of the other Methodist churches in the city, assembled in the spacious vestry of the church to recognize the coming of the newly-appointed pastor, Rev. L. G. Horton, and to extend cordial greetings to him and his family. The event was but one of several marks of good-will and hopefulness with which the new year and the new pastorate start off.

Taunton, First Church.—The turning of the "great iron wheel" brought a severe disappointment to this church at Conference time in that Rev. J. F. Cooper, after a pastorate of two years which had already proved fruitful and which seemed full of promise for the future, was assigned to important work elsewhere. Notwithstanding this, his successor, Rev. C. H. Smith, has been cordially received, and the new year starts hopefully. The Industrial Circle of King's Daughters, which is connected with the church, arranged and carried out successfully a public reception to the pastor and his family on the evening of April 30.

Taunton, Central Church.—A similar experience came to this church, for Rev. W. P. Buck, who had for four years been pastor here, and whose return was strongly and quite generally desired, was wanted in another charge, and was stationed there. The new pastor, Rev. W. A. Luce, is no stranger in Taunton, he having been, a few years since, in charge of First Church. April 30 was also the date on which the people of the church and parish extended formal greetings to him and his family in a well-arranged reception given in the church vestry.

Fairhaven.—The new pastor, Rev. M. B. Wilcox, is at home with his new people, and is rapidly becoming at home in the town. He is to preach before the local post of the Grand Army of the Republic on the Sunday before Memorial

Day. Plans for somewhat extensive repairs on the church building are being formed, and the money to meet the expense involved is now being raised.

IRVING.

MAINE CONFERENCE

Portland District

Portland Preachers' Meeting.—The May meeting was held as usual at Chestnut Street Church. Rev. Israel Luce gave a very interesting account of his recent visit to Asheville, N. C. The June meeting will be an "outing."

Goodwin's Mills and Hollis.—The work opens well at both churches. At the Mills about \$200 are pledged for repairs, on which work is to be begun at once. The Sunday-school is prosperous. The class-meeting has been revived, and is well attended. The pastor, Rev. W. H. Varney, is planning to hold occasional services at Hollis Centre. The evening congregations at Clark's Mills are large and the interest good. A Junior League is to be organized at Hollis at once.

Biddeford.—Rev. C. W. Bradlee begins his sixth year as pastor under very pleasant circumstances. All bills are paid up to May 1, and a balance remains in the treasury. Much credit is due the treasurer, Mr. A. W. Pierce, for his wise handling of the finances.

South Biddeford Circuit.—Rev. J. H. Puffer, who ably served this circuit for two years, is now principal of the high school in Richmond. No supply has been found to fill his place. This is a good opportunity for a young man

without a family to do good and fit himself for larger fields.

Portland, Chestnut St.—On Wednesday evening, May 7, the anniversary of the Epworth League was held under the auspices of the chapter of this church. Most of the chapters of Portland and vicinity were represented. An excellent address was given by Chancellor James R. Day of Syracuse. He referred wittily to the announcement in the daily press that he was to furnish some vocal music. He also spoke of the influence on our national life of the quarter-million of people who have gone from Maine to other parts of the Union. The leading thought of the address was the reasonableness of belief in the supernatural in this age of marvelous scientific invention and discovery. He enforced the truth that the religion of the young people should be marked by fidelity to right and usefulness to our fellowmen. Most of all we need the vital power of a spiritual life. The address was followed by a reception in the vestry, which was not only complimentary to Dr. Day, but also a welcome to the pastor and his wife.

Receptions to Pastors.—The daily papers contain accounts of receptions to the pastors, new and old, in the vicinity of Portland. Rev. H. A. Clifford and wife have been very cordially welcomed at their new charge in South Portland. The people express themselves as satisfied that they have the right man and woman for their leaders. Rev. F. R. Griffiths and wife have not only received a hearty formal reception, but the financial pledges and the attendance on ser-

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vices indicate that the people will endeavor to make this year a successful one. E. O. T.

NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCE

Boston District

Upham Memorial, Forest Hills.—This church presented to Rev. George B. Dean, on his departure for Lowell, \$75 in gold, as a mark of their esteem and affection.

Dorchester, Baker Memorial Church.—This beautifully located church on Columbia Square—formerly Upham's Corner—has been occupied since 1891. At its opening it was decided not to dedicate the building until it should be free from debt. Providentially a memorial gift of \$14,000, covering the entire indebtedness, has been received. Pastor Joel M. Leonard has arranged that Sunday, May 18, shall be dedication day. Bishop John W. Hamilton, Presiding Elder Willard T. Perrin, Dr. Samuel F. Upham, and others will assist to make it a glorious day for the church.

St. Mark's, Brookline.—Rev. Dr. L. T. Townsend will preach at this church next Sunday morning. The popular 4.30 vesper services will close June 1, and a 7.30 preaching service take its place for the summer.

Cambridge District

First Church, Somerville.—The Epworth League anniversary was celebrated on Sunday. Rev. W. N. Mason preached in the morning an uplifting sermon to the League on "Be Strong." At 6 o'clock Mrs. R. S. Douglass gave an inspiring talk on Mercy and Help. The service closed with a stirring address by the pastor, Rev. G. S. Butters.

Townsend.—This is considered one of the warmest-hearted churches in the Conference. On Friday evening, May 2, a grand reception was given the returning pastor, Rev. J. H. E. Rickard, and his wife. The vestry was beautifully decorated, and the platform well furnished with easy chairs. A fine program of music and readings was carried out, and then the veteran class-leader, G. M. Campbell, made a speech in behalf of the church, followed by Rev. B. H. Quillmott, of the Congregational Church, and Rev. Mr. Blackman of the Baptist Church. A beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented to Mrs. Rickard. Refreshments were served at the close.

Lynn District

East Boston Bethel.—On Sunday next, May 18, Bishop Mallalieu will preach in this church at 10.30 A. M., and address the Young Men's Bible Class at noon.

Medford Hillside.—Rev. and Mrs. George A. Cooke were given a very cordial welcome by this church, Tuesday evening, May 6. The reception was under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society. Addresses of welcome were given by Mr. Arthur Partridge, representing the board of stewards and the Epworth League; by Franklin K. Brown, representing the Sunday-school; by Mrs. Hopkins Maloon, representing the Ladies' Aid; and by James W. Gilbert, representing the entire church. There was also a very beautiful exercise by seven girls representing the Junior League. A social hour followed, and refreshments were served.

Maplewood.—A reception was recently given the pastor, Rev. F. H. Morgan. Addresses were made by representatives of the trustees, the Sunday-school, the Epworth League, and the Ladies' Aid, which were felicitously responded to by the pastor. The decorations were tasteful and the refreshments delicious. The annual banquet of the Epworth League on Wednesday evening was largely attended. Addresses were made by Rev. E. H. Hughes, Rev. Charles Tilton, Mr. H. S. Thompson and Sumner Holbrook. A new parsonage is soon to be built. As an expression of appreciation of the efficient services of the pastor, the church has increased his salary.

Malden, Faulkner Church.—A reception was extended to the pastor, Rev. F. W. Collier, and his wife on Wednesday evening, April 30. Addresses of welcome were made by F. H. Potter, superintendent of the Sunday-school, and by Rev. W. A. Buzza, of the church at Linden. Rev. E. H. Hughes, of Centre Church, Malden, was present to assist in the welcome. Beautiful bouquets were presented to the pastor and his wife, refreshments were served, and a general good time was enjoyed by all.

Glendale, Everett.—On Monday evening, April 28, a reception was given to the pastor, Rev. J. M. Shepler, and wife. Addresses were made by representatives of the official board, the Sunday-school, the Ladies' Aid, and the Senior and Junior Epworth Leagues. Rev. F. J. B. House, pastor of the Glendale Baptist Church, also spoke. The pastor made a fitting response. The decorations were tasteful, and the social time, with refreshments, was enjoyed by all. One of the delightful instances of the occasion was the presentation of a silver cup, containing gold coin, to the pastor's son, John Rex Shepler, aged ten months. The church is in a prosperous condition, and plans for the new building are being pushed forward rapidly.

Lynn, Maple Street.—Rev. Edward E. Small has just closed a successful pastorate of six years at this church. At a recent meeting of J. W. Dearborn Chapter, Epworth League, Miss Corinne A. Coburn, in a few appropriate remarks, presented Mrs. Small with a beautiful gold brooch set with pearls, and Mr. Frank A. Turnbull presented the pastor with a traveling bag and umbrella. They were also remembered with several beautiful bouquets. Their children, Esther, Minnie and Anna, were not forgotten, each being presented with a beautiful initial silver spoon. The boys of the Maple Camping Association also made a call on their pastor, president and chaplain, and during the evening Mr. John Hunt, in behalf of the camp, presented Mr. Small a beautiful volume of Tennyson's Poems bound in calf and gold. The parsonage has been thoroughly renovated, and is now occupied by the new pastor, Rev. Frederick Woods, D. D., and family. W.

Springfield District

Springfield Preachers' Meeting.—The Springfield Preachers' Meeting was reorganized on Monday, April 28, by the election of the following officers: President, Charles E. Spaulding; vice-president, John D. Pickles; secretary and treasurer, Wilson Ezra Vandermark; executive committee, William A. Wood, Charles F. Rice, and Henry L. Wriston. Dr. Ballentine of the Y. M. C. A. Training School and Rev. H. L. Wriston presented papers on "How to Conduct a Bible Class." On Monday, May 12, Rev. Dr. W. J. Yates, of Hazardville, Conn., read an inspiring paper on the future of the Epworth League.

Orange.—This church is rejoicing over the return of its pastor, Rev. James Sutherland, for the fourth year. A well-attended and enthusiastic reception was given to Mr. Sutherland and his wife, Wednesday evening, April 23, in the vestry. The superintendents of each department of the Sunday-school assisted in receiving. An interesting program was rendered, consisting of readings and instrumental and vocal music, and an original poem by one of the young ladies. C. B. Overing voiced the sentiments of the people in a well chosen address of welcome, and the pastor and his wife re-

sponded, expressing their appreciation of the hearty co-operation of the church during the last three years. Refreshments of coffee and cake were served. The church was prettily decorated for the occasion.

Chicopee, Central.—The Clark chapter of the Epworth League of Chicopee gave a reception and entertainment to the chapters of Chicopee Falls and Holyoke Highlands on Wednesday evening, April 30. The pastors of these churches each gave a short address on League work. Light refreshments were served, and a good social hour was enjoyed.

Merrick.—A reception was tendered by this church to the new pastor, Rev. E. V. Hinchliffe, on April 30. The vestry of the church was well filled with the members of the church and congregation. A number of short addresses of welcome were made by representatives of the Ladies' Aid Society, Sunday-school, Epworth League, and the church, also by two visiting clergymen, to which Mr. Hinchliffe responded happily. After the formalities were over, refreshments were served. Mr. Hinchliffe has entered upon his work with the cordial and earnest support of his people. A sad incident occurred at the very beginning of his work. He arrived late on Saturday night, having been detained by a funeral, and found awaiting him a letter and a telegram; the letter informed him of the illness of a younger brother in Maryland, and the telegram announced his death. He preached an excellent sermon on Sunday morning, and left at night to attend the funeral, returning the following Saturday.

West Warren.—At the communion service, May 4, 8 adults were baptized, and 7 received in full connection and 6 received on probation.

Holyoke, Appleton St.—The people of this charge gave Rev. and Mrs. Joseph P. Kennedy a delightful reception, Friday evening, May 2, in the Epworth League room, which was arranged for the occasion. After light refreshments had been served, addresses of welcome were made by an official of the church representing the society, and by Rev. John Wriston, of South Hadley Falls, representing the sisterhood of churches. Mr. Kennedy made a fitting response, expressing his appreciation of the cordiality with which he had been received, and suggesting the lines of work which would engage his attention. F. M. E.

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CHURCH REGISTER

POST OFFICE ADDRESSES.

Rev. Howard A. Clifford, 53 Evans St., South Portland, Me.
Rev. Daniel, Halleron, 183 Mt. Prospect Ave., Newark, N. J.

TRACT SOCIETY ANNIVERSARY.—The jubilee anniversary of the Tract Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church will be held in Bromfield St. Church, Boston, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 24-26. Bishop Mallalieu, Dr. Buckley, Dr. Mallard, Robert F. Raymond, Esq., Dr. T. B. Neely, and others, will participate.

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DEDICATION OF BAKER MEMORIAL, DORCHESTER.—The dedication of Baker Memorial Church, Columbia Square (formerly Upham's Corner), Dorchester, will take place on Sunday, May 18. At 10.30 a. m., Rev. Dr. Willard T. Perrin, presiding elder of Boston District, will preach; at 3 p. m., Bishop John W. Hamilton, of San Francisco, Cal., will preach; and at 7.30 Prof. Samuel F. Upham, of Drew Theological Seminary, will preach.

J. M. LEONARD, Pastor.

"Better out than in"—that humor that you notice. To be sure it's out and all out, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DEDICATION AT NORTH DIGHTON.—The dedicatory exercises in connection with Dunlap Memorial Church, North Dighton, will occur May 14-21. On Wednesday, May 14, Bishop Hamilton will preach at 3.30 and at 7 p. m. Thursday at 7.30, address by A. C. Cotter, secretary Y. M. C. A. in Taunton. Friday, 10 to 3, regular session East Bristol Neighborhood Convention. Friday, 7.10, fellowship meeting. Sunday, sermon by the pastor, Rev. H. H. Critchlow, in the morning, and at 5 sermon by Rev. C. Harley Smith. Tuesday, 7.30, sermon by Rev. John McVay. Wednesday, 7.30, Epworth League rally, with address by Rev. W. N. Mason. Friday, 7.30, address by Dr. E. M. Taylor, field secretary of Missionary Society.

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PLAN OF EPISCOPAL VISITATION — 1902

PART II

(July-December)

[CHRONOLOGICAL]

Conference	Place	Time	Bishop
Alaska Mission,	Juneau, Alaska,		Cranston
Kalispell Mission,	C'I'm'la F'ls, Mnt.,	July 24	Merrill
N. Montana Mis.,		" 31	Merrill
Montana,	Bozeman, Mont.,	Aug. 7	Warren
Wyoming Mis.,	Rock Sp'ngs, Wyo.,	" 7	Warren
Utah Mission,	Salt Lake, Utah,	" 14	Warren
Colorado,	Central City, Col.,	" 21	Warren
West German,	Kansas City, Kan.,	" 28	Fowler
Nevada Mission,	Reno, Nev.,	" 28	Joyce
Idaho,	Caldwell, Ida.,	" 28	Cranston
St. Louis Ger.,	Quincy, Ill.,	Sept. 3	Vincent
California Ger.,	San Jose, Cal.,	" 3	Joyce
Columbia River,	Colfax, Wash.,	" 3	Cranston
Norweg. & Dan.,	Chicago, Ill.,	" 4	Merrill
Black Hills Mis.,	Hot Springs, S. D.,	" 4	Fowler
West Wisconsin,	Portage, Wis.,	" 4	Goodsell
Western Swedish,	Scandia, Kan.,	" 4	Hamilton
Erie,	Oil City, Pa.,	" 10	Andrews
North Ohio,	Norwalk, O.,	" 10	Warren
Cincinnati,	Cincinnati, O.,	" 10	Walden
N'thw't Indiana,	Benzelae, Ind.,	" 10	Vincent
Wisconsin,	Milwaukee, Wis.,	" 10	Goodsell
California,	Pacific Grove, Cal.,	" 10	Joyce
Des Moines,	Jefferson, Ia.,	" 10	Hamilton
Central Swedish,	Chicago, Ill.,	" 11	Merrill
Northwest Neb.,	Chadron, Neb.,	" 11	Fowler
Central German,	Pittsburg, Pa.,	" 11	FitzGerald
West Nor.-Dan.,	Astoria, Ore.,	" 11	Cranston
Pac. Japan Mis.,	San Francisco, Cal.,	" 16	Joyce
East Ohio,	Cambridge, O.,	" 17	Warren
Detroit,	Saginaw, Mich.,	" 17	Foss
Indiana,	Vincennes, Ind.,	" 17	Walden
Nebraska,	Wymore, Neb.,	" 17	Fowler
Central Illinois,	Streator, Ill.,	" 17	Vincent
Michigan,	Traverse City, Mich.,	" 17	FitzGerald
Upper Iowa,	Marshalltown, Ia.,	" 17	Goodsell
Puget Sound,	Seattle, Wash.,	" 17	Cranston
Iowa,	Keokuk, Ia.,	" 17	Hamilton
N.Sw'd. Mis. Conf.,	Two Harbors, Mch.,	" 18	Andrews
Central Ohio,	Defiance, O.,	" 24	Merrill
Minnesota,	Rochester, Minn.,	" 24	Andrews
Genesee,	Rochester, N. Y.,	" 24	Mallalieu
North Nebraska,	Grand Island, Neb.,	" 24	Fowler
Southern Illinois,	Fairfield, Ill.,	" 24	Vincent
South'n Calif'nia,	Pomona, Cal.,	" 24	Joyce
Oregon,	Grant's Pass, Ore.,	" 24	Cranston
Chicago German,	Chicago, Ill.,	" 25	Foss
Kentucky,	Louisville, Ky.,	" 25	Walden
Ohio,	Zanesville, O.,	" 25	FitzGerald
Northern German,	New Ulm, Minn.,	" 25	Goodsell
Northwest Ger.,	Gladbrook, Ia.,	" 25	Hamilton
Illinois,	Danville, Ill.,	Oct. 1	Merrill
N'th'n Minnesota,	Morris, Minn.,	" 1	Andrews
West Nebraska,	Ord, Neb.,	" 1	Fowler
Northwest Iowa,		" 1	Hamilton
Central New York,	Elmira, N. Y.,	" 1	Mallalieu
Holston,	Maryville, Tenn.,	" 2	Walden
West Virginia,	N. M't'sville, W. Va.,	" 2	FitzGerald
Arizona Mission,	Flagstaff, Ariz.,	" 2	Joyce
Dakota,	Madison, S. Dak.,	" 2	Goodsell
N. Pac. Ger. Mis.,	Portland, Ore.,	" 2	Cranston
Rock River,	Austin, Chicago,	" 8	Foss
East Tennessee,	Wytheville, Va.,	" 9	Walden
Central Tennessee,	McLemoresville,	" 9	Vincent
Pittsburg,	Pittsburg, Pa.,	" 9	FitzGerald
N.M. Sp. Mis. Conf.,	Las Vegas, N. Mex.,	" 9	Joyce
North Dakota,	Jamestown, N. D.,	" 9	Goodsell
Oklahoma,	Perry, Okla.,	" 9	Hamilton
N.M. Eng. Mis. Con.,	Las Vegas, N. M.,	" 10	Joyce
Tennessee,	Franklin, Tenn.,	" 15	Vincent
North Carolina,	Mt. Airy, N. C.,	" 16	Walden
Atlantic Mission,	Portsmouth, Va.,	" 16	FitzGerald
Blue Ridge,	Seward, N. C.,	" 23	Walden

FOREIGN CONFERENCES

Switzerland,	Herisau,	June 4	McCabe
South Germany,	Stuttgart,	" 11	McCabe
North Germany,	Bremerhaven	" 18	McCabe
Denmark Mission,	Aarhus,	July 2	McCabe
Norway,	Frederickshald,	" 16	McCabe
Sweden,	Stockholm,	" 30	McCabe
Finnish,		Nov. —	Moore
Hingham,		" —	Hartzell
E. Cent. Africa,		Dec. —	Moore
Central China,		" —	Warren
South India,		" —	Warne
Bombay,		" —	Warne

N. B. — Because of his impaired health no Conferences have been assigned to Bishop Hurst.

By order and in behalf of the Board of Bishops,
J. N. FITZGERALD, Secretary.

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 6, 1902.

Educational Notice

A subscriber of ours, a prominent business man of Boston, writes that he will be very glad to hear from any ambitious reader of ZION'S HERALD who desires to study Mechanical, Electrical, Steam or Textile Engineering and has not the opportunity to attend school. This gentleman, whose name is withheld at his request, has at his disposal a few scholarships in a well known educational institution for home study, the only expense being the actual cost of instruction papers and postage. Write to W. L. B., Box 3737, Boston, Mass., for particulars if you are ambitious and in earnest.

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OBITUARIES

I am looking for you. Are you here?
All I see is sunshine, glad and clear,
Then a soft step seems to flit across the grass;
Did you pass?

Though I must remember your dear head
Lies below the grasses with the dead,
Yet, when'er I pause to brush away a tear,
You seem here.

All the life I'm living is your own,
Sounds thro' midday stillness your sweet tone,
And I seem to see in each familiar place
Your bright face.

While the sunshine tells me you are near,
And the flowers whisper you are here,
Could I catch the music of the world where you
stay,
Were you far away?

— Unknown.

Pachey. — Albert W. Pachey was born in Suffolk County, England, Nov. 22, 1822, and died at Westerly, R. I., April 21, 1902.

In early life Mr. Pachey followed the calling of a shepherd. He came to this country in 1854, and settled at Niantic, Conn., where he was converted and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1868 he moved to Westerly, where he entered the employ of the Rhode Island Granite Works, and remained there until the death of his wife, which occurred in January, 1899. His wife was Miss Julia G. Read, of Niantic, Conn., to whom he was married July 3, 1859. Of the two daughters born to them one passed on before, and was waiting to receive them on the other side. With the other daughter, Mrs. William Pearce, he had made his home since Mrs. Pachey died.

His Christian life of over forty years was characterized by fidelity and consecration. He loved Christ and Methodism, and gave liberally of his time and strength, money and prayers, for the cause to which he had pledged his devotion. The prayer and class-meetings were his special delight, and in his home the Bible was his most constant companion. In the death of Mr. Pachey Grace Church loses one of its oldest and most honored members. He had held many positions of official responsibility, and was one of the trustees at the time of his death. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

FREDERICK C. BAKER.

Rich. — Mrs. Mary Allen (Stimpson) Rich was born at Barnstable, Mass., March 13, 1824, and died at Malden, Mass., Feb. 5, 1902.

She joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at an early age, and for almost a half-century lived in its fellowship and aided in its service. In 1852 she was married to Richard Rich, whom she survived by a number of years. When she first came from the Cape she lived in South Boston. Later she removed to East Boston, and was one of the founding members of the Meridian St. Church. With this society she kept her membership until 1898, when she joined the Centre Church of Malden, out of whose fellowship she passed up into the triumphant church.

This, in brief, is the history of one of the best women the writer has ever known. If these words were to be as modest as she might wish, all eulogy would be omitted. But praise of her is so just and easy as to make any tribute seem to fall short. If one had judged Mrs. Rich by her usual showing of temperament, one would scarcely have thought that she could be so filled with the spirit of Methodism. She was so calm and equable, so little given to the expression of emotion, that one would have deemed her fitted to a different type of religious life. But this judgment would have been superficial; for she was in heartiest sympathy with the Methodist spirit and ways. Every year, save one, for the last thirty, she has attended the camp-meeting at Yarmouth. She was fond of the old-fashioned ways, and heard with eagerness any sermon that suggested the fervent spirit of the fa-

thers; yet she did not live in the past, nor did she feel that the new order meant destruction. Her face was toward the sunrise, and her sympathy kept up with the movements of God's kingdom. Always unruffled, so far as an observer could see, she was still capable of the deepest feelings and filled with the strongest loves. She trusted Christ on to the end, and her last testimony to her pastor was one of hopeful confidence. When good fortune came to her, her first thought was of greater service to our Lord's work. Her quiet benevolences were many, and she proved herself a good steward of God's belongings.

Mrs. Rich was a most faithful and devoted mother. Her children call her blessed. Her pride and love for her own were marked by a beautiful simplicity. She leaves two sons and a daughter to mourn her death — Frank A. Rich, cashier of the First National Bank of Barre, Mass., and an official of our church in that town; Henry H. Rich, until recently at the head of the Central Lyceum Bureau of Rochester, N. Y.; and Mrs. Warren H. Wright, for the last ten years the efficient organist of the Centre Church of Malden. These, together with many friends, lament Mrs. Rich's departure, but rejoice both in the memory of her serene and steadfast Christian character and in the Christian hope of immortality and reunion.

EDWIN H. HUGHES.

Hunt. — Mr. S. D. Hunt, district steward of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Cushing, Me., ceased from his labors, April 8, 1902, being 60 years old, and, after a brief illness with the grippe, passed from the temporal to the eternal, from his home here to his home in the celestial city, from his stewardship to reward.

Mr. Hunt united with the church at Cushing in 1867, and was a faithful member, always present at the church services. He was a trustee and for years superintendent of the Sunday-school, and always active in church matters. He was also honored with positions of trust by his fellow-townsmen, having held at different times nearly all the town offices. As his townsmen travel over many a piece of road, they will be reminded of the pleasant, loving face of him who is now walking the streets of gold. A pillar has been transferred from the church militant to the church triumphant, to go no more out forever.

He leaves a wife, two daughters and stepdaughters, and two brothers, one of whom is a Baptist minister in Vermont, to mourn their loss.

McKinney. — Mrs. Mariah West McKinney was born, July 24, 1813, at Frankfort, Me., and died, March 12, 1902, in Portland, at the home of her grandson, Alvin F. Dean.

She was blessed with a Christian mother of the Free Baptist persuasion, but was not converted till some years after her marriage, in 1833, to Charles McKinney. Nine children were born to them — five boys and four girls — all of whom lived to grow up and become useful, respected citizens. Seven are still living.

In her own words: "In 1841, in the city of Lowell, Me., I gave my heart to God, and have ever endeavored since that time to keep His commandments." In 1849, with her family, she moved to St. George, Me., thence in 1852, to South Thomaston. "Here," she says, "I found some few Methodists. We had a class formed — and till 1867 we had occasional preaching. Then Rev. Chas. Springer was our first pastor."

In 1867 she went to California with her husband, who became a miner, making the trip across the Isthmus on donkey back. She returned to South Thomaston in 1870, "and about five years after we built a chapel, and have supported preaching ever since." Mr. McKinney remained in the West, where he died in 1884. Ever since 1876 she has made it her home with her daughter, Mrs. Lavonia Dean. In 1883 they moved to Portland, Me., where she was connected successively with the Congress St., Pine St., and Woodfords Methodist Episcopal churches, where her church relation continued till 1899, when she returned with Mrs. Dean to the latter's home in South Thomaston, and reunited with that church. The summers for many years past have been spent at Mrs. Dean's cottage at Old Orchard.

Since returning to South Thomaston Mrs. McKinney has made occasional long visits to Mrs. Dean's sons in Portland, where her last sickness occurred. She desired much to go back home to die, but it was not to be. A strong

constitution that would not readily succumb, made the physical dissolution painful to witness, but her greatest pain was simply her weakness. Her daughters, Mrs. Dean, Mrs. Bartlett, of Springfield, Mass., and Mrs. Chase, of Old Orchard, gave her the tenderest care to the end, as did also the grandson and his family at whose home she died.

Mrs. McKinney was well known at her home for her helpfulness in sickness, and her zeal and activity in the work of the church. For many years she has been a "mother in Israel," and will be sadly missed from a large circle of friends and acquaintance. Her eager, earnest, but peaceful face and helpful words will not henceforth greet the sojourners at Old Orchard as during the past dozen or more summers; while the loss of her presence and voice from the church and community at her home in South Thomaston is greatly felt. She was a constant reader of ZION'S HERALD, for which she had been a subscriber for many years.

Funeral services were held in South Thomaston, where the pastor spoke a few words from the text of her choice (2 Tim. 1:7-8).

W. C. B.

Smith. — Mrs. Louisa Foster Smith, wife of Rev. E. F. Smith, of the New England Southern Conference, was born in Staffordshire, England, Oct. 31, 1838, and died in the parsonage at Gurleyville, Conn., April 2, 1902.

She was born in a Christian home, and in childhood received the instruction of the Sunday-school, in which she early became a teacher, and in which work she continued till failing health compelled her to relinquish it. She was united in marriage with Rev. Elijah F. Smith, Feb. 3, 1863, and from the time of his entrance upon the work of the ministry in 1870 until her death was his faithful helper in all the work of a Methodist itinerant. She was quiet and retiring in her disposition, but this did not prevent her from taking an active part in the religious work of the churches of which her husband was pastor, nor did it prevent her from taking and maintaining a decided stand when any question arose demanding such a position. For herself and for her work she was held in high esteem in all the churches, and many were led by her influence into the Christian life.

About ten years ago she had a severe attack of the grippe, and since that time has been in failing health. In December last she was taken with what proved to be her last illness; but the faith which had inspired her to a life of Christian service and sacrifice brought her abundant support in all her sufferings. As the end drew near she was frequently heard in prayer breathing the name of Jesus. A few days before she passed away she was heard to exclaim: "Glory, glory, glory!" In answer to her husband's questions she said: "Jesus is with me now. He will not leave me. There is nothing

ANNOUNCEMENT

Several months ago the readers of a few selected papers were notified that a bottle of Vernal Saw Palmetto Berry Wine could be obtained free by writing to Vernal Remedy Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Other publishers secured the same privileges for their readers. The results to those who ordered free bottles have been most remarkable and gratifying.

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for me to be afraid of." With her expiring breath she was heard to murmur the name of Jesus. A faithful and devoted wife and mother and an earnest Christian has gone to her reward.

On Saturday, April 5, prayer was offered at the parsonage at Gurleyville by Rev. Mr. Parsons, pastor of the Mansfield Centre Congregational church, and funeral services were held in the Methodist church at Willimantic under the direction of the pastor, Rev. L. G. Horton. A delegation of fourteen members of the Conference, in session at Rockville, were present and participated in the service, after which the body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Willimantic.

To Mr. and Mrs. Smith were born three sons and three daughters, one son and one daughter having died in infancy. The remaining sons and daughters were with their father at the funeral, and with him share the sympathies of a large circle of friends.

— WALTER ELA.

Hawkes.— Rena Blanche Hawkes, daughter of Wesley M. and Sadie W. Hawkes, was born in Westbrook, Maine, July 15, 1882, and died at that place, March 17, 1902.

Hers was a beautiful life. Not only did she bind to herself with strong love the dear ones of her home, but a large circle of friends in church, in League, and in school. Naturally possessed of an unusually sweet and unselfish disposition, she had added thereto a beautiful Christian character, and she carried sunshine wherever she went. Great indeed is the loss that has come to the home from which she has gone forth, and many outside the family circle feel that loss has come to them, also, in the departure of this bright young life from earth.

Hers was a beautiful death. As the end approached, her thought was for others. She feared not the king of terrors; for she looked beyond the grave, with strong Christian faith trusting in the Saviour who had conquered death. A short time before her death, reading from her Bible the 17th Psalm, she repeated to her mother the last verse as expressive of her trust: "As for me, I shall behold Thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness."

Her pastor, Rev. C. F. Parsons, conducted the funeral services at the home, Thursday, Mar. 20. C. F. P.

Marshall.— Agnes Cynthia (Jenney) Marshall, daughter of James and Ruth Jenney and wife of Daniel Marshall, was born, Sept. 27, 1876, in Whitman, Mass., and died, April 26, 1902, in Asheville, N. C.

Converted at fourteen, she joined the Methodist Episcopal Church at Whitman, whence she carried her letter to Brockton, whither her father removed in 1891. Here she was married in June, 1898. Falling in health, accompanied by her husband, she came here in October, 1900, her brother, E. H. Jenney, and wife having preceded them by a few months. A father and another brother, Theodore, both of Brockton, survive.

Mrs. Marshall's beautiful life as a member of the Central Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of this city has won for her many friends. A devoted daughter, an affectionate sister and wife, is gone. She was a true Christian and a faithful church member. The writer would bear testimony to the pleasant hours spent in her sick room, where her sweet Christian experience was shown by her devotion to God's comforting promises, and her face would brighten as the throne of grace was approached. She bore her sufferings with great patience. All that could be, was done for her. Through the windows of her home, made cheerful with flowers and sunshine, the tall mountain-peaks were ever visible, which suggested to her heaven's blue hills whither she has gone.

Beside those of her immediate family the tender ministries of her father, constantly by her side since February last, were of great comfort, and have strengthened our faith in the abiding love of a father's heart. He read to her on her

dying day her Scripture favorites—John 14 and the last chapter of Revelation.

The funeral was conducted at the home, Sunday afternoon, attended by a large company. The sky was cloudless, the air was fragrant with spring flowers. The very beautiful casket was laden with many lovely floral tributes. We loved her much, and shall see her again.

FRANK SILER.

Asheville, N. C.

Herrick.— Simeon Herrick was born in Springfield, Vt., May 15, 1805, and died in the same town, April 30, 1902.

Mr. Herrick, at the time of his death, was the oldest native inhabitant of the town, and one of the oldest members of the church. He was converted in 1831, and joined the Baptist Church. June 27, 1833, he married Rachel B. Damon, who shared his lot until Aug. 19, 1901, when she went to her reward. For over sixty-eight years they maintained a home that was full of faith and love. Soon after their marriage Mr. Herrick transferred by letter to the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which his parents and wife were members.

The long life of "Father" Herrick was characterized by industry and fidelity. A sturdy morality was coupled with faith and religious zeal. His last days were free from disease or great pain. He labored long and well, and then sank to rest.

Two sons—Russell S. Herrick, of Springfield, who has been the faithful guardian of his father's age, and A. D. L. Herrick, Esq., of Chester, Vt.—remain to treasure the memories of a noble father.

The funeral was conducted by his pastor from the church, and the silent form was laid to rest amid the springing life of a bright spring day that inspired thoughts of an eternal spring in the presence of God who is our life and our light.

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Editorial

[Continued from Page 616]

the effects of the policy. Among other things he said: "Prohibition in Kansas has been marked by very beneficial results, which will be apparent to any one who will travel through Kansas and through any of the license States that may be selected and note the difference in the types of young men in the two States. There are thousands of young men in Kansas who never saw a saloon, and will avoid it, if for no other reason because it is under the ban of the law."

A report having become current that "a large number of Methodist ladies" in Nashville "had become patronesses of the horse-races" at Cumberland Park, the editor of the *Christian Advocate* denies it, but with this emphatic word of warning: "It is not worth while to mince words. We tell them, in all candor, and yet with kindness and courtesy, that they cannot lend their countenance to this wicked business without forgetting their vows to Jesus Christ. A Methodist woman at a horse-race is as much out of place as an angel of light in perdition."

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ate circumstances. Try it, brother minister, for a year, and you will, in thanking us, say that "the halt has never been told." Remember that ZION'S HERALD's number is 4630 Main, and call us up whenever we can be of service.

Sitting in a strange Methodist church in Western New York, last Sunday, the editor was reminded of the extensive and perpetual mission of the author of a great book. The preacher quoted twice, at length and with convincing force, from Dr. Daniel Steele's book, "Love Enthroned." In how many pulpits since that volume was published has that same author been preaching, and how many ministers and laymen have found in Dr. Steele's pages their light and inspiration!

The *Christian World* (London), in its issue of April 24, says: "To the surprise of many, Dr. J. Agar Beet was not nominated for reappointment to the chair of theology at Richmond College at the meeting of the theological institution committee. That position he has now held since 1885, when he succeeded the late Dr. Osborn. It is an open secret that for months past there has been a growing opposition to his reappointment, but it was hardly expected that at this time it would be so unmistakably manifested. It is understood that the publication of Dr. Beet's new book, 'The Immortality of the Soul,' and his avowed intention to bring out a new edition of 'The Last Things' have hastened the crisis. Dr. George G. Findlay, professor of theology at Headingley College, who is regarded as the most Wesleyan of all the professors in his theological views, is placed first by the committee in its list of three names for the position, with Rev. J. G. Tasker of Handsworth and Rev. T. F. Lockyer, B. A., as second and third."

Rarely are we privileged to present to our readers a contribution of higher literary merit than that which appears on page 618 from the pen of Rev. C. W. Holden.

It is no sign of stability in anything that we can handle it. The things that can be handled are the very things that crumble.

The *Outlook* crowds an unusual amount of practical wisdom and good sense into the following paragraph: "Zeal without knowledge, often condemned, is more valuable than knowledge without zeal, often commended; for zeal without knowledge inspires life, and life acquires knowledge; but knowledge without zeal sits in its study, plays with its books, and does nothing. All the greatest things in life have been accomplished by enthusiasts whose zeal was greater than their knowledge."

Proclamation of the Adoption of the New Constitution

WHEREAS, The General Conference of the year of our Lord 1888 inaugurated a movement for a more accurate statement of the organic law of the church, and provided for a commission to prepare paragraphs to take the place of the paragraphs constituting the chapter on the General Conference in the Discipline of 1884, which revised paragraphs should determine and define the constitution of the General Conference, its composition, organization, powers, and the method of amending said constitution; and

WHEREAS, The General Conferences, respectively, of 1892 and 1896 provided for like commissions for the same general purpose; and

WHEREAS, The twenty-eighth General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on the 22d day of May, A. D. 1900, having considered and amended the report of the last appointed commission, did (by a vote of 542 for to 94 against) on its part adopt and recommend to the Annual Conferences a revised fundamental law or constitution for said church, which new constitution is duly set forth on pages 416 to 421 of the Journal of said General Conference, and also on pages 358 to 362 of the Discipline of said church of the edition of the year 1900; and

WHEREAS, The said General Conference directed that the said new constitution be submitted in the year 1901 to the several Annual Conferences for their action thereon, and further directed that in case three fourths of all the members of said Annual Conferences present and voting should concur with the action of the General Conference above recited, the Bishops should thereupon declare the new constitution adopted; and

WHEREAS, It has been duly certified to the Bishops by the secretary of the General Conference of 1900 and by the secretary of the Board of Bishops that in the Annual Conferences held in the said year 1901, 10,768 members thereof were present and voted on the question of concurrence or non-concurrence with the action of the General Conference of 1900 as above recited, and that of this total number of voters 8,241, being more than three-fourths of all, voted to concur with such action:

Now, therefore, the Bishops of the Church, being assembled in semi-annual session in the city of Chattanooga, Tenn., do, in pursuance of the above authorization, on this the 6th day of May, A. D. 1902, declare that the said constitution has been duly adopted, and is now the fundamental law of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

By order and in behalf of the Board of Bishops,

JAMES N. FITZGERALD, Secretary.
Chattanooga, Tenn., May 6, 1902.

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